

MONTANA

the magazine of western history



KID CURRY HOLDUP, from the original oil by Olaf C. Seltzer, Montana artist.

SUMMER, 1960

- THE ABLE ART OF OLAF SELTZER
- FRONTIER PORTRAITS BY McCARTY
- DUDE RANCHING
- THE RENO SCOUT
- BATTLE OF LIGHTNING CREEK

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Most Widely Read Journal of Authentic
Old West Americana In Existence.

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*"I am at home here, and
I want not only to know
about my homeland, I want
to live intelligently on it.
I want certain data that
will enable me to accom-
modate myself to it. Knowl-
edge helps sympathy to
achieve harmony."*

—J. Frank Dobie

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Volume Ten

Number Three

July, 1960

"No man is fit to be entrusted with the control of the Present who is ignorant of the Past, and no People who are indifferent to their Past need hope to make their Future great."

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ABOUT THE COVER. On the day before July 4, 1901, Johnny (Kid) Curry and remnants of Butch Cassidy's Wyoming Hole-in-the-wall Gang, including Butch, The Sundance Kid, Harry Longabaugh and Camilla Hanks, held up a Great Northern passenger train between Malta and Wagner, Montana. They dynamited the express car and escaped with some \$80,000 in unsigned legal tender. Although hard-pressed by a huge posse, they escaped. This lively subject of conversation was captured for posterity by the capable brush of Montana artist Olaf C. Seltzer, whose story is the lead article in this issue.



O. C. SELTZER:
METICULOUS
MASTER
OF
WESTERN ART

by Michael Stephen Kennedy



"PEACE PIPE". Oil. Owned by Chester McNair, Great Falls, Mont.

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During the past half century this brilliant Danish draftsman lived in the shadow of his friend, the Montana cowboy artist, Charles M. Russell; now his true talent begins to emerge . . .

In the final decade of the 19th Century there arrived in the raw but booming Montana town of Great Falls, a young Danish emigrant of prepossessing mein and rather singular purpose. During the next twenty-eight years he studied, sketched and prepared himself for the ultimate production of one of the most prolific of all western art and illustrative collections. For the final thirty-seven years he devoted his full time and talent to art.¹ Yet, even today, Olaf Carl Seltzer is relatively unhonored and unknown—except to a limited coterie of western art collectors and admirers—and those few who are intimately familiar with the huge, excellent collection at The Gilcrease Institute of American History and Art at Tulsa, Oklahoma.

Retrospectively, the Historical Society of Montana is now attempting to generate some of the honor and recognition long denied this dedicated, able artist. Olaf Seltzer's largest one-man show is now taking place in two major galleries of the State Museum at Helena. It is regrettable that it comes almost three years after his death. Yet, tens of thousands of persons from all points of the compass will see this exciting display of 144 art works during the months of June and July, 1960.

We also honor Seltzer on the cover of this publication, and by many reproductions of his work here, as well. Those privileged to see this major showing will be surprised and impressed, we are quite certain, no matter what their tastes or interests may be.

James Taylor Forrest, Executive Director of The Gilcrease Institute, in one of the keenest critiques on the work of O. C. Seltzer, has stated:

"His paintings stand as epic scenes, reconstructed with the eye of the historian. The message is always straightforward, his colors true to nature. Seltzer was one of the best draftsmen to work in the West at any time, although this draftsmanship has led some critics to claim a stiffness. Actually this is not so; he simply would not distort action or anatomy in order to achieve dramatic effect. His colors are generally true to nature—although to viewers not accustomed to the clear vaporless air of the high country his palette seems overly strong. This is especially true of his watercolors; yet they are gems of perfection in detail and in color harmony. Perhaps only future generations can tell accurately, but it would appear that this is one of the West's great artists."²

¹ It was typical of Olaf Seltzer, when the manpower shortage became acute during World War II, that he returned to his old trade as a machinist at Malmstrom Air Force Base. Yet, despite his age, he continued to work at his easel and he also taught a manual training course, also related to the war effort, at Great Falls High School from 1943 to 1945.



"THE JERKEY". Oil. Owned by Dr. E. D. Hitchcock, Great Falls, Mont.

As a top-flight portrayer of the western scene, Seltzer's name must certainly be bracketed with a growing and all-encompassing list of some 50 artists, the best known of these, approximately, being: Bodmer, Borein, Cary, Catlin, John Clymer, Eggenhoffer, Farny, Frenzeny, Stan Galli, Hansen, Hays, Peter Hurd, Will James, W. H. Jackson, Frank Tenney Johnson, Tom Lea, Lindneux, Leigh, Lion, Mathews, Alfred Jacob Miller, Mollhausen, Mulvany, Paxson, Remington, Rogers, Russell, Santee, Schreyvogel, Sharp, J. H. Smith, Sohon, Stanley, Von Schmitt, Henry Worrall and Zogbaum. These men cover the span of major painters and illustrators associated most illustriously and intimately with portraying the West, past and present.

From the standpoint of virtuosity, range of subject matter, vitality, force, authenticity, and great productivity, Olaf Seltzer is entitled to stand in the front rank with the greatest of these—my own "Big Four"—Catlin, Miller, Remington and Russell. His professional productivity was longer than any of them—a decade longer than Remington and several years more than Russell. All four have been widely publicized and their work reproduced in millions of popular and widely-known editions. All four have received full-length book treatment, many of them definitive works, concerning their life and art. Seltzer does not have a single book about his life or art—either critical or favorable. For this reason he is comparatively unknown and unsung, not only among laymen, but among too many of the authorities and "experts" as well. Time perhaps may alter some of this—as it did with Alfred Jacob Miller, who waited a century to be "discovered"—but it is doubtful. The "Big Four" were all dynamically glamorous personalities. Seltzer was an introvert, who

² This and other material utilized either as direct quotes or with the author's paraphrasing, appeared originally in *The American Scene*, excellent quarterly publication of the Gilcrease Institute in Vol. 2, No. 2, Summer, 1959. We are indebted to the research and writing of James T. Forrest, the loan of original art, photographs and other courtesies extended by Mr. Forrest and his splendid staff at Gilcrease.

backed away from publicity, generally from people, and always from self-aggrandizement. Because he lived all of his western life in the tall shadow of Charles M. Russell—in the same town and contemporaneously—it was almost as if he lived and painted in another place and time, so oblivious were publicity sources, generally to his art.³

Even a microscopic examination of all known facets fails to reveal any other underlying reason for Seltzer's work being so overtly disregarded, except the fact that Charles M. Russell completely overpowered and dominated Seltzer's long and productive life as an artist. The blame is neither Russell's nor Seltzer's. Neither man made it so, or wished it to be that way. It was simply compounded by the chemistry of circumstances and was beyond the control of either. There is no evidence to indicate that Russell was ever much aware of this; and until CMR's death, Seltzer apparently was not too much troubled by the fact, although he was vitally aware of it. Olaf probably thought everything would change when the Montana Master died, but it did not change in 1926, nor has it to date.⁴



This artist was born at Copenhagen, Denmark, on August 25, 1877, son of Carl and Julia (Neilsen) Seltzer, both natives of that city. His father was a cigar maker. Until he was fourteen, Olaf attended the public schools of Copenhagen. From childhood he showed marked ability in draftsmanship and design, and when only 12 or 13 years of age he was admitted (apparently as a special student) to the Technical Institute of Copenhagen, where his associates were all men and women years older than himself.

Meanwhile, his father had died. A sister of his mother, who had emigrated to the United States and was living at Great Falls, Montana, where her husband worked at the old silver smelter, urged them to come West. Julia Seltzer readily decided to join these relatives and took ship for the United States, accompanied by son Olaf who was then approximately 14 years old.

³ The *Great Falls Tribune*, July 11, 1923, states: "... had it not been for the shutdown in the Great Northern car shops two years ago, he feels that he would still be a machine foreman instead of an artist of growing reputation. Having painted in his spare time since boyhood, he turned seriously to painting for a livelihood when he found himself temporarily out of employment. Although he can return to the ... railroad at any time, the artist has become so absorbed in his now full-time occupation of putting Montana and the spirit of the west on canvas that he does not consider a resumption of his former work." The article goes on to state that Seltzer and Russell spent a number of weeks together the previous summer in Glacier Park, with Seltzer making a number of field sketches for work he is now finishing; also that Brown and Bigelow (of St. Paul) had made the artist an offer for reproducing his work as art reprints "particularly attractive to easterners ... since tourist travel has become the vogue."

⁴ "Seltzer and Russell worked side by side for many years as a team. Seltzer spent his spare hours in Russell's studio, or together they went out into the hills to study nature and make their sketches close to the beautiful outdoor scenery that later Seltzer was to portray, exclusively, in his paintings. The two men posed for each other, exchanged ideas and suggestions, and gained immeasurably through mutual association. Beginning in 1921, Seltzer worked entirely on his own, and since that time has devoted himself almost exclusively to his painting. Russell, who once said that Seltzer was one of the two best watercolor artists in the world, died in 1926."—*Great Falls Tribune*, Oct. 1, 1937.



Arriving on the Atlantic seaboard, the new settlers traveled the great distance west to the newly admitted State of Montana (1889) and reached Great Falls without untoward incident. This was in 1892. That year and the next, Olaf found a romantic dream of adventure had already come true when he was employed by several horse outfits; among them the large Lobenheimer-Hartman Company who used the 4, and H.H. brands, respectively. He also rode for the Hanson outfit whose brands were circle L and diamond F. It is interesting to note that Seltzer started his western experience working for horse outfits, while Charles M. Russell, although he always worked with horses as a wrangler and nighthawk, never worked with a horse outfit (he herded sheep first, and then spent most of his time, for a dozen years, with cowmen and cattle outfits).

On October 6, 1893, Olaf Seltzer went to work as an apprentice machinist in the Great Northern Railroad shops at Great Falls. After serving the usual apprenticeship, he became a locomotive and railway repairman. It is as inexplicable why he should change jobs here as the fact that he worked diligently as a machinist for the next 28 years, although his great passion was for art. Of course, his love for creativity led him to continue some art efforts in his spare time. He did not seriously attempt painting, however, either in water color or oils, until after the spring of 1897, when he met Charles Marion Russell.⁵ From that time until his death in 1926, Russell was a friend of Seltzer's (although it is unfortunate that he cast such a huge shadow).

Russell did not fancy himself as qualified to teach, nor did he like to teach, but he was willing to make such efforts because he liked the serious immigrant boy who showed such marked aptitude as a draftsman. This intimate association continued into the early 1900's. Whenever the opportunity permitted, young Seltzer was to be seen in the company of Charles Russell. After a few more years of careful observation of the Master, as well as many personal experiments conducted by the tedious method of trial and error, Seltzer attempted his first full-scale water colors and oils, gaining in confidence as he mastered the new mediums and as he found how well his skill as a draftsman served him. This was about the time of Seltzer's marriage at Helena in June, 1903. Russell's advice, according to those who know, was continuously valuable. The two artists remained closely associated—more so than is commonly believed—until 1921, after which C.M.R.'s presence in Great Falls became less frequent because of his declining health. They remained firm friends until the death of Charles Russell in 1926.

Meanwhile, Seltzer was gaining self confidence (and some customers) and approaching the near-perfection in detail and technique that is the hallmark of his later canvases. He researched and read constantly in the Great Falls public library to be certain that his subjects benefitted from authentic detail and

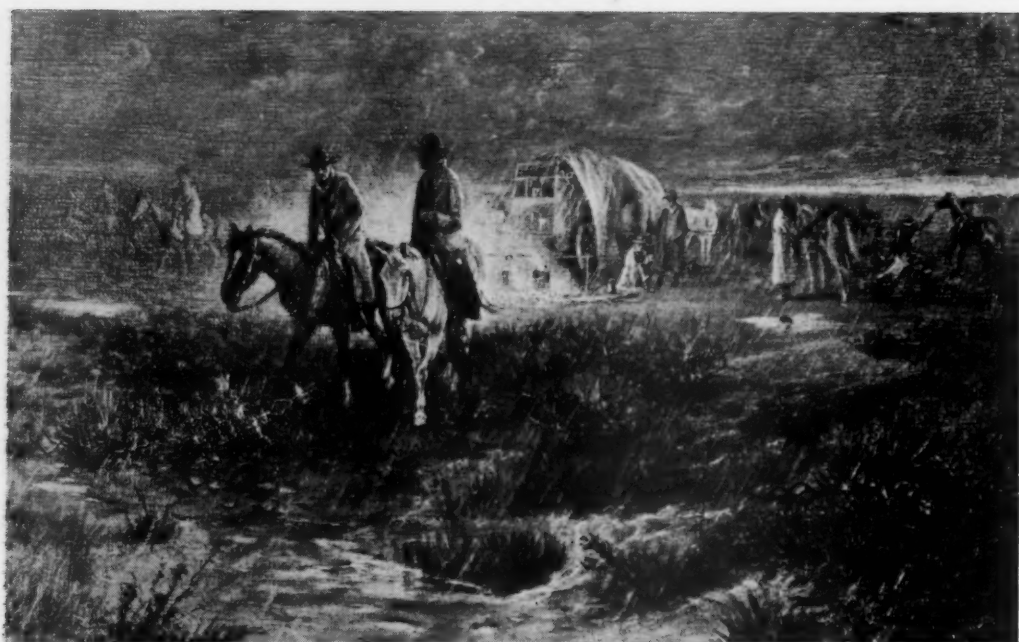
⁵ According to James Forrest, "In 1897, Seltzer rode over the narrow gage rail line from Great Falls to Lettbridge, Alberta, where he was encouraged by Fred Downer, who had admired his sketches, to try painting in oils. A kit of paints and material was in time shipped up the line from Great Falls and Olaf made his first oil painting—an Indian war party on the trail in the Sun River Valley. From this first effort, Seltzer proved to be at home in oils as well as in watercolors; in all he was to paint nearly 2,500 paintings during his lifetime."



"HERALD OF THE ROBE TRADE". Oil. Owned by Gilcrease Institute of History and Art, Tulsa, Okla.



"MOVING CAMP". Oil. Owned by Mrs. Verne Casey, Great Falls, Mont.



historical fact. Yet many of these paintings were not western subjects. They were widely diversified: Family paintings of his favorite cat and dog, scenes of Egypt and the Continent, some modern, some from the far centuries of the remote past took form under his brush.

One might surmise that this was a subconscious effort to get away from the shadow of Russell. When there was a mass lay-off of workers in the Great Northern car repair shops in 1921, Seltzer finally had no choice but to turn to his long-hidden talents and to try and make a competitive living selling his art. He was amazed—and pleased—that this began to prove possible. And so, about 1921 or 1922, as his work was finally attracting some favorable comment in local circles⁶ and some commissions were

⁶ Forrest in *The American Scene*, Vol. 2, No. 2: "In a letter to a patron Seltzer said 'I worked particularly hard on the Missionary and the Ursuline Nun and I am glad I did not fail. I am at this time working on the Pioneer Mother, and when I tell you I am sweating blood, I am putting it mildly, for I am surely not a painter of the She-kind of folks.'"



This oil painting with a European setting, owned by Richard Flood, is typical of the surprising number of non-western scenes produced by Seltzer. One might conjecture that in depicting such far-away scenes, the Danish artist was subconsciously moving away from the large shadow of C. M. Russell. In truth, however, these were probably the results of his European heritage.

← "A WET MORNING ON THE CIRCLE". Oil.
Owned by Gilcrease Institute of History and Art, Tulsa, Okla.

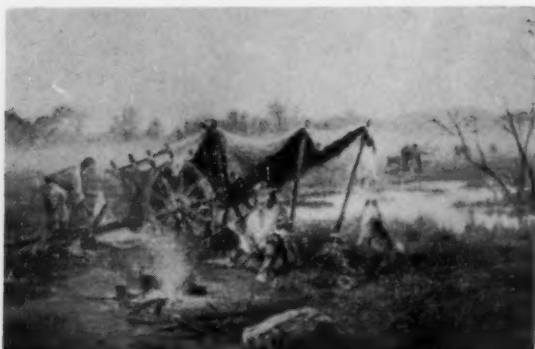
directed to him, this self-taught artist who had never studied in a school of art, finally retired as a machinist to devote full time to painting. In the same year, because of the growing demand and public popularity of western canvases, Mr. Seltzer decided to concentrate his attention on the local historic scene, so long pre-empted by Russell.

During the years 1926-27, Seltzer lived in New York, where the opportunity to study the great paintings displayed in the metropolitan galleries had a beneficial effect on his own work. Dr. Phillip Cole, of Tarrytown, New York (whose father had been a Helena, Montana, physician) who had acquired a sizeable fortune through ownership of tire valve patents at a time when the automobile was beginning to capture the nation's imagination, then owned an amazing assortment of Western Americana, including the largest private Russell collection—and one of the finest of Remington's—in existence. Cole became passionately interested in Seltzer's art⁷ and commissioned him to execute, eventually, approximately 275 paintings. Amelia Earhart and her husband, George Palmer Putnam, also learned of Seltzer's skill. Among other things they had him execute designs for the envelopes to be carried on her round-the-world flight. Two dozen of these were commissioned, including one for the President of the U. S. and another for the Postmaster General. One of these was a figure of Mercury, god of speed, atop a globe and closely pursuing a symbolic aircraft. This unusual Seltzer is in the present exhibition at Helena.

Many other commissions followed from the profitable market for the artist's work which then opened to him in New York. One of these was a drawing for the New York *Herald-Tribune* to celebrate a horse show in Madison Square Garden. This work elicited considerable favorable comment among eastern horse lovers.

Seltzer returned in 1927 and continued to make his home in Great Falls. He made numerous trips to New York and other

⁷ One of the oddities in the great Gilcrease collections and which placed a physical strain on the artist's eyes from which he never quite recovered, were miniatures commissioned by Dr. Cole. There were more than 100 of these for each of which Cole wrote a detailed description. All depicted important events in Western history. Of these, James Forrest says: "Unfortunately, Seltzer's vision was weakened by this work and during his later years he could paint only short periods of time during the morning hours. The miniatures (only 5x6 inches) are so sharp and clear that they can be photographically enlarged three times their size and still be in good detail." They include such scenes as the Lewis and Clark expedition, Chief Joseph's surrender, Buffalo Bill's duel with Yellow Hand, Yellowstone Kelley on the trail in 1869, Portuguese Phillip's spectacular Christmas ride, Roadagent's hideout, Sacajawea, Trumpeter Martin bringing the last message to Custer, the stabbing of Crazy Horse, Fort McKenzie massacre, the duel between Kit Carson and Capt. Shuman, John Colter's escape from the Blackfeet, and many more of equal drama and historic import—a monumental contribution to the graphic arts of the Old West.



"THE RED RIVER CART". Oil. Owned by Gilcrease Institute, Tulsa, Okla.



"WRECK OF THE CHIPPEWA". Oil. Owned by Chester McNair, Great Falls, Mont.

eastern cities, however, after that time and did much work for eastern buyers, particularly Dr. Cole.⁸ His Great Falls studio finally had become somewhat familiar to some western art lovers.

According to the *Encyclopedia of Northwest Biography*: "Mr. Seltzer's work is distinguished by his mastery of line, his pleasing attention to detail and inherent rectitude of taste as a colorist. His fine draftsmanship qualified him to achieve the jewel-like perfection of the miniature and many of his early canvases were on a small scale, often embodying an Oriental or Continental background, painted in with infinite detail. Much of this fine work had to be done under a powerful glass. As a result Mr. Seltzer's eyes suffered, and when his western canvases began to achieve their great popularity he abandoned his work on a smaller scale. It is as an artist of the West that he is best known, and there is hardly a State in the Union that has not at least one Seltzer western. O. C. Seltzer, as he signs his numerous canvases, came to Montana not too late to meet many of the old range riders and pioneers, to hear their stories and to capture many of the scenes of the passing

⁸ He painted an outstanding Transportation Series which included the always present Indian travois, the Red River cart, a jerk-line outfit, several versions of the stagecoach, wagons, early locomotives and trains, ox-teams and ox-carts, various river craft including the Missouri River 'Smoke Boat'.

"THE MEDICINE MAN". Oil. Owned by the Great Falls Clinic.



Indians at Waterhole, 1911 watercolor, owned by Ruby F. Frost, Seattle.





"A DANGEROUS GRIZZLY." 1940 oil, owned by Kermit E. Rasmussen, Harlem, Mont.



"ATTACK AT THE FORD". Oil (1950). Owned by Carl C. Seltzer of Great Falls, son of the artist.

range country. His association with Russell naturally affected his work. He did not copy Russell, but he was of course decidedly influenced as to style by his close association with him . . . In his day, Russell was called a follower of Remington. In turn, Seltzer has followed a similar pattern, but his canvases have a distinctive quality that is neither Remington nor Russell, but his own. He is without doubt the foremost artist of the so-called Russell school."

To understand Seltzer's inspiration and background for his later paintings one must understand the vital impact of the time and place, particularly during his first 20 years' residence in Great Falls.

Montana had burst from a drama-packed Territorial period of gold rushes, Indian wars and great cattle drives, into colorful Statehood, only three years previous to Seltzer's 1892 arrival in Great Falls. The lively town itself had been platted from a buffalo prairie just a decade earlier by the ambitious sheepman, Paris Gibson; and it had then (in 1892) been incorporated but four years, with Gibson serving the rawboned citizenry as Mayor. Cattlemen, who dominated the surrounding area, were amazed at the temerity of this "shepherd."

"THE PASSPORT", oil painting depicting the Crees crossing the Montana-Canadian border, owned by the Gilcrease Institute.



"THE PIONEERS", watercolor depiction of Mrs. Jack Toole's family crossing the prairie, owned by the Jack Toole Family, Shelby, Mont.





"THE COWPUNCHER". Watercolor. Owned by the Great Falls National Bank.



"THE SHEPHERDER". Watercolor. Owned by Dr. E. D. Hitchcock, Great Falls, Mont.

Nearby Fort Shaw, built to protect the early settlers against the marauding Blackfeet, was abandoned as a military post in 1892. And the still-shiny tracks and trains of Jim Hill's Great Northern Railroad (which had reached Great Falls and hurriedly pushed on to Helena and Butte) finally had crossed the new State, roaring Westward. The gold spike of the other transcontinental railway, the Northern Pacific, had been driven with great hoopla at Gold Creek less than nine years before; and the last of the vast herds of wild buffalo were only exterminated in 1884. (But the young artist would see their endless bones dotting the prairies for many years thereafter).

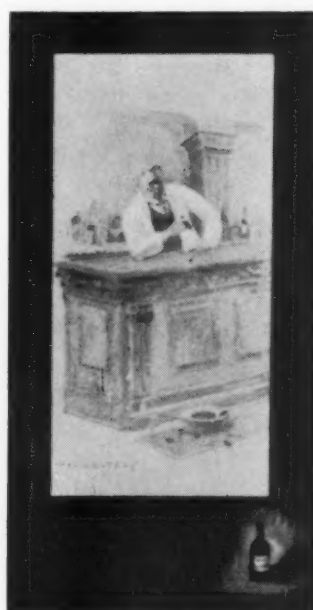
Officially, the freewheeling days of the Cattlemen's open-range bonanza had ended with the hard winter of 1886-87. But the impressionable Danish youth, handling his horseherds in 1892-3, knew that a man could ride hell-bent-for-leather all summer long seeing cattle everywhere he went as he circled the area from the Sun River range to Dupuyer, to the Shonkin, across the wildness of the Missouri badlands, into the virgin Judith Basin and back through the rawhide cowtowns of Ubet, Geyser, Spion Kop and Belt—seeing more cattle than in all of Europe. The barbed wire fences were still few and far between. Large encampments of Indians often frequented the outskirts of Great Falls. Sometimes they were abject and poverty-ridden, like the itinerant bands of Chippewa-Cree Metis; but occasionally the still-proud Blackfeet, Gros Ventres and Assiniboine also moved their spirited pony herds near the smelter town. It was four years after he became a Montana resident that Seltzer read of portions of the huge Blackfeet and Fort Belknap Indian Reservations being thrown open for white homesteader's settlement.

One did not have to be an immigrant or an eastern pilgrim to appreciate the drama of countless frontier incidents that Olaf Seltzer heard by word of mouth or read avidly in the pages of the local paper. Typical was the spate of story stuff, for example, of the late-booming mining camps of Landusky and Zortman in the Little Rockies to the north. They were re-enacting, for a later audience, most of the brashness, bloodshed and color of Bannack, Virginia City and Last Chance Gulch some 25 years earlier. In August, 1893, after Olaf had left his cowboy life to work as an apprentice machinist in the G. N. railroad shops, he read of the discovery by Landusky and Orman of the rich August Mine.

Powell "Pike" Landusky, for whom the town near the mine was named, was colorful enough for any artist's canvas; a violent product of a violent time. He gained his nickname in tough Alder Gulch during the 1860 gold strike because he boasted that he "came from Pike County, Missouri, by God." He backed it up with big fists, and a gun if necessary, to gain reputation as one of the toughest rough and tumble fighters in a rawboned region. In 1868 Pike Landusky had given up mining and ridden to the mouth of the Musselshell to trap and trade with the Indians. Captured by a war party, he defiantly beat one of the captors with a frying pan; then whipped off the warrior's breechclout to continue the lashing. The awed Brules withdrew hurriedly, leaving two ponies behind. Later at his post, "Lucky Fort," Pike was shot by a Piegan. His jaw terribly shattered, he simply tore out the loose fragment containing several teeth and threw it away. His maimed face thereafter matched his reputation for frontier fortitude.



"THE PROSPECTOR". Watercolor. Owned by the Great Falls National Bank.



"THE SALOON KEEPER". Watercolor. Owned by the Great Falls National Bank.



"THE COOK"



"THE BLACKSMITH"



"THE CHINK"

Owned by the Great Falls National Bank

When Olaf Seltzer read that Bob Orman and Landusky had discovered a rich new gold quartz mine in the Little Rockies, the previous stories Seltzer had heard and the research he had done, told him, too, that this was only a part of the continuing episode. Five miles south of the new August mine was the notorious ranch of the tough Curry Brothers, Harvey—better known as Kid—Johnny and Loney. They matched, notch for notch, the gunslingers of earlier repute. Pike Landusky had built a saloon for a rebel character known only as "Jew Jake," well publicized earlier around Great Falls because of a shooting scrape with a Deputy Sheriff which cost him his leg. Jake added to his lustre thereafter by using a Winchester rifle for a crutch. His saloon was a hang-out for the Curry gang.

In 1894 Johnny and Kid Curry were arrested and placed in the custody of Landusky. Loney, a self-styled lothario, had been making quite a play for one of Pike's stepdaughters, despite his objections. Landusky took advantage of handcuffs to taunt and beat the Curry boys before their release. There was bad blood between them.

Soon thereafter the camp began preparations for a gala Christmas shindig. Johnny Curry lent his new log barn and Loney whipped an orchestra into shape for the dance. A Mason & Hammond organ was hauled in by sled. A stagedriver, known only as "Lousy" had been instructed to buy gallons of oysters. He shocked the epicureans by ordering canned ones out of Minneapolis, instead of luscious fresh ones shipped in on ice.

On the evening of December 27, as the celebration was waning, Kid Curry rode into town and entered Jew Jake's saloon. Only a handful of men were present including Pike, wearing a

heavy, long buffalo robe coat. Without ado, Curry strode over to Landusky, took advantage of the impeding coat, and proceeded to beat him unmercifully. Pike finally got up from the floor, broke free and pulled his gun, but it had a new tight mechanism, whereas the Kid's did not. The Kid calmly blew out Landusky's brains. The Curry gang left the country pronto.

Seven years later, after holding up banks and trains in Wyoming with the Hole-in-the-Wall Gang, Kid Curry held up a Great Northern passenger train at Exeter Siding, west of Malta, and took \$80,000 in legal but unsigned tender. A huge posse chased Curry into the badlands but he escaped and his final activities and end — including his part in Wyoming's Johnson County Cattle War—have been an enigma to writers and historians ever since. As for Johnny, he was eventually killed by a quiet rancher, Jim Winters, who resented intimidation. He and Pike Landusky are buried in the same vicinity. The great G. N. train robbery is ably depicted by Olaf Seltzer (and reproduced in color on the cover of this issue). This was the stuff of history still being made in Montana while Seltzer was adjusting to the life of the region. Little wonder that he never suffered from a dearth of subject matter in his later years of painting and illustrating the countless nuggets of western history.

As with most artists, no exact count has ever been kept of Seltzer's art output—but it was prolific. Both Russell and Remington produced paintings and illustrations numbering in excess of two thousand, and Seltzer matched and probably exceeded their output. As for variety of subject matter, he covered a huge chunk of western life and events. A higher percentage of his work, it appears, than either Russell or Remington was executed in oil or watercolor (see footnote 5). The latter two did far more pen and inks than did Seltzer; they also did sculpting and modeling and bronzes—which OCS did not. An idea of the preponderance of Seltzer subjects done in the two major media, oils and watercolors,



"THE COMING OF THE WHITE MAN". Oil. Owned by the Great Falls Clinic.



"THE INTRUDERS". This oil painting owned by Mrs. Verne Casey of Great Falls, is a fine example of the skill with which Olaf Seltzer succeeded in translating the western scene into precise and almost photographic focus.

is the Gilcrease collection, which includes 144 oils and 90 watercolors. In the current exhibition in Helena, for example, it happens accidentally that all of the major pieces are in these two media: 65 being oils and 52 watercolors; or 117 out of 144 are thus classified.

As for subject matter, the meticulous Dane appeared determined to cover every minute facet of the Old West, as well as the changing West that he observed during his earlier years in Montana. The Helena exhibition gives an idea of his wide range of subjects, which broadly, can be defined as paintings relating to buffalo (6), other wildlife (8), cowboy life, trail-driving, range and cattle subjects (23), Indian life (35), Indian Wars (5), hunting and adventure (5), emigrants (2) desperados (3), transportation (freighting, stagecoaches and riverboats) (4), horses (16), plus at least one or more on railroading, homesteading, scouting, fur-trading, sheep ranching, Canadian mounted police and mining. In one vast sweep of a standardized format series—watercolor studies with small but important related vignettes on the matting—he painted almost every type of frontier character that the West ever knew.⁹ No one knows the full extent of his coverage here, but it was prodigious. This series ranges from such expected standard and romantic types as cowboys and cavalymen, Indian warriors and cattle kings, scouts and mountain men—but he didn't overlook, or slight, such routine unsung persons as roustabouts, Chinese coolies, sheepherders, gunsmiths, barmaids, ministers, blacksmiths, shopkeepers, honky-tonk girls, miners, millers, harness-menders, and the many other men and women who toiled in the West, either. If this series could be assembled and reproduced in one publication it would constitute a graphic Baedeker of the men and women who pioneered and won the West.¹⁰

As an introvert, and because he was neither so widely publicized and interviewed as Remington; or possessed of such a flair for expression in both poetry and prose as Russell, it is much

⁹ Forrest describes these as "Characters of the Old West . . . Brilliant sketches [of the] frontier gambler, the bull-whacker, the rustler, the horse wrangler, the bar keep, the western judge, the sluice box miner, a blacksmith forging a branding iron, a lonely cowboy watching the dust rise from a milling herd, a miner protecting his holding from claim jumpers . . . all executed with an understanding of the people represented; they are not stereotyped characters."

¹⁰ It is not certain whether Brown and Bigelow produced much of his work as prints, although he did deal with them. In the 1930's The American Lithographic Company reproduced some of his paintings. There are few Seltzer prints available.

"THE DISPUTED TRAIL". This fine oil painting is from the incomparable Seltzer collection owned by the Gilcrease Institute of History and Art at Tulsa, Okla. This is one of 10 paintings loaned by the Institute for the Historical Society's Seltzer show this summer.



more difficult to reconstruct, by research, Seltzer's inner thoughts and personal or artistic philosophy, except as they emerge, on the surface, simply by a study of a great number of his paintings.

But in the decade before his death, Seltzer became intimate and less reserved in the presence of one man, a young art collector and dealer in Indian artifacts, Dick Flood of Idaho Falls, Idaho. He talked and corresponded with Flood on a rather extensive scale; and fortunately, Flood (who had, and still has, an overwhelming belief in Seltzer's art) kept notes and retained all of this correspondence. I am indebted to Richard Flood. He allowed me to study all of his Seltzer letters and memoranda, and the notes he himself made based on many talks and statements from Seltzer.

Yet even from the Flood papers it is difficult to arrive at many direct quotes, or to draw out of the subjective shell of Olaf Seltzer any really detailed or revealing facts. One does observe that the artist hid an unusually kind and sentimental nature behind a rather gruff, brash exterior; he loved his family, his pets, his adopted land and its colorful heritage with abnormal passion. He was unusually objective, realistic, tolerant and democratic regarding people, customs, institutions and society. The closest Olaf Seltzer ever came to being vitriolic, as far as I know, was in one rather long letter to Flood in which he wrote:

"Much of this so-called 'Art' of today is but mummeries of certain deranged individuals who cannot draw or model. They are trying to pass off 'delirium tremors monstrosities' as a mysterious kind of art. These insane art efforts . . . are a disgusting travesty on the ideals of true art. While it is looked upon as old-fashioned, I still believe that a painting should resemble—remotely at least—the subject which it purports to represent."

He was more prone to analyze C. M. Russell than he was to illuminate or analyze his own feelings, philosophies and work. Here are some of his statements concerning Russell:

"Charlie's best period was the 15 years between 1905 and 1920; his efforts during that time being of unbounded wealth, full of vitality, vigor and artistic treatment, with a power of production seemingly inexhaustible . . . [his



"LOOKING FOR A CAMPSITE". Oil. Owned by Dr. E. D. Hitchcock, Great Falls, Mont.

work] declined rapidly after 1920 . . . he sacrificed romance for cold, technical facts which made his later subjects dry and uninteresting . . ."

" . . . A ceaseless struggle for the attainment of popularity (yet with all his faults as an artist—for Russell's paintings lacked detail and finish) he must be ranked as one of the foremost painters in his particular class: clever, original and observant, with a style both colorful and unique . . ."

"Sometimes a clear conscience merely indicates a poor memory."

"Human phenomena is public property. A . . . genius does not steal, he only conquers. Everyone arrives in his due turn and at his hour, seizing what those before him left; and according to his lights, putting [this] into new forms and combinations."

"I received great inspiration from Russell. I borrowed from him. As his immediate contemporary I perceived the direction of his genius and benefitted both from his good and bad points . . ."

"The year 1920 was the start of the finish [of C.M.R.]. In 1921 I was with him seven weeks and was able to make personal observations which showed me he was slipping badly. From this time on to his death in 1926 he was but a hollow husk, a mere shell of his former self, either as man or artist . . ."¹¹

¹¹ We are deeply indebted to Richard Flood, Box 1233, Idaho Falls, Idaho for his untiring assistance in the production of the article. For many years Mr. Flood has not only been an admirer of G. C. Seltzer, but he was a trusted confidant, friend of the family, collector and dealer in Seltzer art, as well. His assistance in assembling the 1960 retrospective exhibition of Seltzer work in the Galleries of Western Art at the Montana Historical Society in Helena are a tribute to his ability, cooperation, and generosity.



"THE SCOUTS". Oil. (1941). Owned by Kermit E. Rasmussen, Harlem, Mont.

Thus, while Seltzer defies an introspective personal study, he gives to the record many substantial, new, and trenchant observations on his master and nemesis, Charles M. Russell.

But this I do know: Olaf Carl Seltzer's art is fully worthy of the widest recognition and acclaim. The suggestive painted details so brilliantly done by Russell in an easy light manner, were meticulously and laboriously spelled out by Seltzer. The action — even to the point of distorted anatomy — which gave Russell so much acclaim, were captured in slow-motion camera sequence by Seltzer. Russell's subtle mountains, hazy prairies and suggestions of wind-swept sage, were brought into bold, almost photographic focus by Seltzer. In effect, they complemented and supported each other. The West was fortunate that both artists were there together.¹²

Thank God for the unreconstructed, uncommon genius of Russell, the rebellious but inspired Master of the Western scene! Thank God, too, that he had a counterpart—a silent, sincere, devoted disciple—yet an artist with his own deep conscience, his own ideas and his own disciplined techniques—a master¹³ in his own right; the meticulous Montana Dane, Olaf Carl Seltzer!

¹² "The second largest collection of Seltzer's better oils (aside from the Cole Collection, N. Y.) is owned by Mr. William H. Marks of Seattle. During several summers in the late nineties, Marks spent many hours with Russell and Seltzer, taking packhorse trips into the wilds of the mountain regions in Montana. In 1936 Mr. Marks loaned a number of his Seltzer paintings for an exhibit in the Washington Athletic Club of Seattle. The pictures shown were "Blackfeet Scouts", "Sheepcamp on the Marias", "The Trail Boss", "The Range Mother", "Prowlers of the Prairie", "Crow Scout" and "The Bronco Buster"—*Great Falls Tribune*, Oct. 11, 1937. Nine years earlier, in the *Helena Independent* it was stated that "several of his [Seltzer's] finest paintings... are in the collection of Sid Willis, the Great Falls collector [Mint Saloon]. Mr. Willis has what is considered by many to be the finest collection of western paintings, the work of Russell and Seltzer, in existence. He has been offered \$75,000 . . ."

¹³ Undoubtedly one of the artist's masterpieces is the 9x15 feet oil in the Masonic Grand Lodge Library at Helena, Montana, researched and painted in 1937-38. This depicts the first symbolic Masonic meeting on Montana soil, somewhere on the Mullan Road near the Continental Divide of the Rockies west of present Helena, where N. P. Langford, a man named Charlton, and another whom history has forgotten, in the words of Langford took time off from the rigors of the Fiske Expedition of 1862, "the only three Masons in the company, impressed with the grandeur on the mountain scenery and the mild beauty of the evening, ascended the mountain to its summit and there, in imitation of our ancient brethren, opened and closed an informal lodge of Master Masons." This large work, probably his largest, has received great acclaim and has been viewed by thousands since its unveiling in 1938.

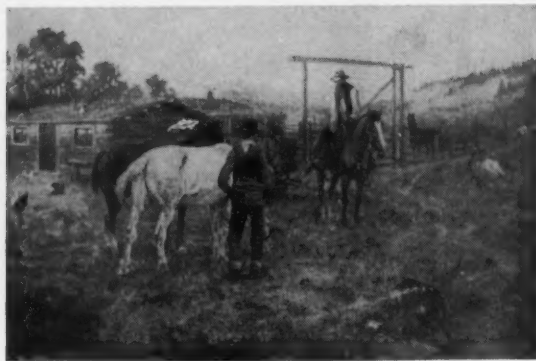


Masonic mural at Helena, above, "THE FALLEN MONARCH", 1935 oil owned by Carl Seltzer, left. Below, left, watercolor, "THE TRAIL BOSS", owned by Carl Seltzer; right, "THE SIX WHEELER", excellent small oil in Gilcrease Collection.





"JERK LINE FREIGHT OUTFIT" oil reproduced by courtesy General Mills, Inc., above. Right, Montana ranch of W. H. Hoover, one of two oils owned by Jack Hoover, Butte. Below, "CROW SCOUTS AT SUNRISE" oil, Gilcrease; and "THE FOOTHILL NESTER" oil, Great Falls Clinic.





MAJOR MARCUS A. RENO

(Custer National Monument Photo)

The Reno Scout

Two Authorities Recount the Scouting Movements of Controversial Major Reno Before the Custer Battle

by Edgar I. Stewart and Major E. S. Luce

WITH THE possible exception of the battle of Gettysburg, that of the Little Big Horn River—generally referred to as “Custer’s Last Stand,”—continues to be the most controversial military engagement in the history of the United States. There are many questions about it which remain unanswered and serve only to perplex and bewilder the historian. Certainly there are many things about this epic struggle between red man and white which will remain forever unknown. But from time to time new evidence continues to make its appearance and partially, at least, helps tear away the veil of uncertainty that enshrouds what promises to be a perpetual mystery, and sheds a faint beam of light into a hitherto dark and obscure corner.

One of these controversies concerns the Reno Scout. The Seventh United States Cavalry, under the command of its Lieutenant-Colonel, George Armstrong Custer, which composed the principal element of the Dakota Column which was operating against the hostile Sioux and Northern Cheyenne Indians, had marched across country from Fort Abraham Lincoln. This fort, located on the west bank of the Missouri River about three miles below the site of present Mandan, North Dakota, had been constructed as a part of an encirclement policy designed to keep the non-treaty bands of Sioux at peace.

The Dakota Column, under the command of Brigadier General Alfred H. Terry, commanding the Department of Dakota, arrived on the Powder River, in eastern Montana, on June 7, 1876. Three days later, on the tenth, Major Marcus A. Reno, the junior major but at the time the second in command of the regi-

ment, with the right wing consisting of Companies B, C, E, F, I and L, was ordered to scout the upper reaches of the Powder River and the adjacent region before the regiment moved any farther west.

It might be noted in passing that with the exception of Major Reno and Captain McDougall of Troop B, all the officers of the regiment who were on this scout died with Custer in the subsequent battle and their lips were forever sealed.

Reno’s command was accompanied by a Gatling gun battery under the command of Lieutenant Kenzie and served by a detachment from the Twentieth Infantry, and by a contingent of Arikara scouts. There was a train of sixty-six pack mules and the command had rations for twelve days. The two Acting Assistant Surgeons with the regiment, Dr. Henry R. Porter and Dr. James A. DeWolf, also went along. Most important of all it was guided by the famous half-blood scout “Mitch” Bouyer who was reputed to be as familiar with the region to be traversed as most men are with their back yard.

The orders were to move up Powder River to the junction with the Little Powder, then cross to the headwaters of Mizpah Creek and come down that

Collaborating on this appraisal of Major Marcus Reno’s fruitless and hotly criticized scouting expedition in the weeks before the Battle of the Little Big Horn are Dr. Edgar I. Stewart, professor of history at Eastern Washington College of Education and author of the authoritative “Custer’s Luck,” and Major Edward S. Luce of San Diego, Calif., veteran of many years of service with the Seventh Cavalry and from 1940 until 1956 superintendent of the Custer Battlefield National Monument in Montana.



LIEUT.-COL. GEORGE CUSTER

stream almost to its confluence with the Powder, then move across to Pumpkin Creek, follow that stream to its junction with Tongue River, and descend the latter stream to the Yellowstone. Here it was expected that General Terry, Custer, and the remainder of the regiment would be waiting.

After the departure of the scouting detachment, the six companies composing the left wing, the three infantry companies, the remainder of the scouts and the wagon train, moved to the mouth of the Powder River where it was planned to establish a temporary supply depot. Here the infantry companies, the wagon train, the regimental band, and a number of unmounted recruits were left, and on the morning of June 16, General Terry with Custer and the left wing and the remaining Gatlings, started for the mouth of Tongue River. Here, on the site of present Miles City, they went into camp the next day to await the arrival of Major Reno's command.

But on the nineteenth, two couriers arrived with the information that the Major had emerged on the Yellowstone River at the mouth of Rosebud Creek and was marching for the Tongue. Sending a peremptory order to Major Reno to halt and remain where he was. Gen-

eral Terry, with the rest of the command, started upstream and the regiment was re-united on the evening of the twentieth.

That General Terry was somewhat nettled by Major Reno's action is beyond doubt, and there were others who were less restrained in their criticisms. It was said that he had flouted positive instructions in an attempt to gain greater glory and recognition for himself, and one officer is reported to have voiced the opinion that the Major should be court-martialled for not carrying out his orders.

But the Major had his defenders as well as his detractors and it was argued that he had carried out the spirit, if not the letter, of his orders, and had followed the only course of action that was open to him in view of all the circumstances. Since then the controversy over the Major's actions on this scout has been carried on as a part of the general disagreement that includes almost every aspect of this historic battle.

The itinerary of the scout was kept by Lieutenant Jack Sturgis, the son of Samuel D. Sturgis, Colonel of the Seventh Cavalry. Lieutenant Sturgis was killed at the Little Big Horn and the record was apparently on his person at that time.

Lieutenant Kenzie of the Gatling gun detachment was also supposed to keep an itinerary; but his gun, which was drawn by four condemned cavalry horses, had a great deal of trouble owing to the roughness of the terrain. Upsets were frequent and at least three men were injured by mishaps to the gun in the course of the scout. So much difficulty was experienced in merely keeping up with the rest of the command that Lieutenant Kenzie did not have time to keep any kind of a record. As a result even the approximate route followed by Major Reno's scouting detachment has remained a matter of doubt until recently.

Dr. James M. DeWolf, who was with the detachment, had served six years in the army as a hospital steward, and

in 1875 had received the degree of Doctor of Medicine from Harvard. He failed in his attempt to secure a regular commission in the army, but had been hired as an Acting Assistant Surgeon for a period of one year. It was in this capacity that he accompanied the Seventh Cavalry when it marched against the Sioux on the fateful expedition of 1876.

Dr. DeWolf was fated to lose his life in this campaign. He was with Major Reno's detachment when it was sent ahead to attack the hostile village on the early afternoon of June 25, and during the subsequent retreat to the bluffs was cut off, killed, and scalped in full view of his comrades.

Dr. DeWolf kept a diary from the time the regiment left Fort Abraham Lincoln until the evening of June 24. Written in two small pocket note-books, the diary is now in the possession of the Custer Battlefield National Monument. It has been carefully transcribed and edited by Major Edward S. Luce, formerly the Superintendent at the Battlefield, and published along with a number of letters from Dr. DeWolf to his wife, in *North Dakota History*, Volume XXV, Numbers 2 and 3, April-July, 1958. In this *Diary*, he details, among other things, the movements of the right wing from the time the six troops left the camp on the Powder River until they rejoined the other companies of the regiment on the Yellowstone River ten days later.

As previously noted, the regiment had arrived at Powder River during the late afternoon and evening of June 7, and according to Dr. DeWolf went into camp about thirty miles from the mouth of the stream. There is another account which says that this camp was only twenty miles from the confluence of the Yellowstone and Powder rivers. Dr. DeWolf did not cover the distance between the camp-site and the Yellowstone. But Lieutenant Edward S. Godfrey, commanding Troop K, did, and he put the distance at twenty-eight miles, so that we may accept the De-



GENERAL ALFRED H. TERRY

Wolf estimate of the distance as being substantially correct. This means that the camp-site was not far from the present village of Locate, Montana, near the point where U. S. Highway 12 now crosses the Powder River.

From here, General Terry, escorted by two troops of the Seventh, those of Captains Keogh and Moylan, went to the mouth of the Powder where the river steamer *Far West*, the supply boat of the expedition, was awaiting the arrival of the Dakota Column.

Here General Terry conferred with Colonel John Gibbon, who, in command of the Montana Column consisting of contingents of the Seventh Infantry and Second Cavalry, had marched from Fort Shaw and Fort Ellis to the Yellowstone River and had been patrolling the north bank of that stream since approximately the first of April. Gibbon's troops had had several brushes with the hostiles and their commander believed that the main body of the Sioux would be found on either the Tongue or Little Big Horn rivers.

General Terry, who had previously announced the possibility of a scout, now determined to send a part of his command as far south as the forks of the Powder River and then across to the Tongue in order to clear the region of any small groups of hostiles who

might be lurking there. Another object of the movement was, if possible, to establish communication with General George Crook, whose command was known to be moving north from Fort Fetterman, located near present Douglas, Wyoming.

The Montana troops which had been moving down the north bank of the Yellowstone River, were now ordered to retrace their march to a point opposite the mouth of Rosebud Creek, and there wait for further orders. General Terry returned to the camp of the Dakota Column on the late evening of the ninth, and the next day ordered Major Reno on his scout.

The right wing moved out in mid-afternoon and covered eight miles or more, moving up the east bank of the stream before going into camp. At five o'clock the next morning the march was resumed. After covering six miles along the east bank they crossed to the right bank of the river, the crossing of a stream notorious for its treacherous quick-sand being made without difficulty. Ten more miles and they crossed a large tributary entering the river from the west, which was probably present Ash Creek.

That day, according to Dr. DeWolf, the command made twenty-six miles, and on the twelfth covered twenty-four more before reaching the forks of the Powder. During the day two more tributaries were passed, both coming in from the east (possibly present Horse Creek and Pilgrim Creek). On the eleventh, they had seen a smoke in the distance and on the twelfth found the site of an Indian camp which was about a week old, as well as an abandoned pony. According to the mileage given in the *Diary* the scouting party had marched fifty-eight miles to the forks of the Powder. According to present day maps, and assuming that they had followed the sinuosities of the river, the distance would have been seventy miles or better.

Here, several things must be borne in mind. One is the very obvious reminder that in those days there were no road maps or mileage markers. The command was operating over almost a *terra incognita* where even the best qualified scouts had only a very inadequate knowledge of the distances involved. So erroneous were the geographical concepts of the region that the map used by General Terry, and which was the best obtainable, put the headwaters of Mizpah Creek almost forty miles north of where they actually were, and the course of Pumpkin Creek was indicated as being only about ten miles, whereas in actuality the stream is some seventy miles in length. Also facilities for the measurement of the distances covered were inadequate to say the least. A command, moving as this one was, had certain limitations and also certain advantages, so that present day distances as indicated on a highway map, mean little or nothing. There were times when it might have to make a long detour to avoid an obstruction, but there were others in which it could "cut 'cross lots" and follow the most direct route to a destination.

Distance covered could be measured in two different ways, one way being by means of an odometer fastened to the axle of a cart or even to a pair of wheels, much like the present day speedometer. There was a pin on one of the spokes and every time the wheel made a complete revolution it registered on a series of cogs, and from that a reading could be taken at the end of the day's march. Obviously this was not too accurate. Today's motorist knows there is often some difference between the speedometer reading and the actual distance between two points.

We do not know whether there was an odometer with Major Reno's command, but from the fact that there was a Gatling battery along, there may very well have been. The other method by which distance was computed was to

estimate the distance between two datum points by the time taken to cover it, since cavalry on the march and over average terrain will cover four miles an hour at a walk, eight miles at a trot and twelve miles at a gallop. By means of a military map board an officer could make a graph of the distance covered during the day, and indicate whether it was at a walk, a trot, or a gallop, together with marginal notes as to the elevation, hills, ravines, grass or timber, and so on. At the very best, the final result was only a rough approximation of the distance covered. The resulting chart, especially where rugged terrain had been covered, often resembled a present day cardiograph with many zig-zags. But it explains the discrepancies and variations in the accounts of officers as to the distance covered during a march.

In Dr. DeWolf's account we therefore have to allow for some margin of error, but when it is remembered that he was an army veteran, the conclusion is inescapable that his distances were probably not too wide of the mark; although in most instances the command probably travelled farther than he said it did.

From the forks of the Powder, Reno's detachment moved across to Mizpah Creek, the route apparently lying somewhat to the north of that followed by U. S. Highway 212. During the first part of the march they seem to have followed down the dry creek bed of a tributary of the Mizpah, a tributary or ravine which bears no name on present day county maps. DeWolf says that the day's march was twenty four and one half miles, and there is always the probability that he underestimated the distance.

Since not more than ten miles would have been covered in moving from the Powder River across to Mizpah Creek even though the trail was rather crooked, it is fairly obvious that they rode some distance down Mizpah Creek (although Dr. DeWolf does not spe-

cifically say that they did). Camp that night was made on the main stream, possibly at the mouth of either present Dick Creek or Hay Creek.

On the fourteenth the command covered some twenty-two miles in crossing to Pumpkin Creek, reaching the latter stream about a mile below the forks, or below the point where the Little Pumpkin joins the main stream. The confluence of the two is almost on the county line separating Powder River and Custer counties.

The approximate route would seem to have been down Mizpah Creek for a short distance and then up Hay Creek since Dr. DeWolf says that it was twelve miles to the divide, then across the divide to the headwaters of S. L. Creek and down the latter stream to where it joined the Pumpkin, which is about a mile below the forks. Then the command rode upstream to the confluence with the Little Pumpkin, and ascended the latter for about a mile before going into camp.

The next day, June 15, a march of twenty-five miles brought the six companies to a campsite on Tongue River. They had marched up a branch of the Little Pumpkin to the divide, and then down a ravine to a tributary, probably the south fork of present Beaver Creek, which was followed to Tongue River.

Up until this point, Major Reno had followed instructions fairly closely, although he had gone up Pumpkin Creek rather than descending it as he had been ordered to do. But he was on Tongue River which was where General Terry expected him to be, and he could easily move down that stream to its junction with the Yellowstone.

But on the sixteenth after proceeding about eight miles down Tongue River, the command turned to the left and marched across country to Rosebud Creek, a distance of about nineteen or twenty miles. This deviation from his orders may have been due to any one of several factors. For one thing, "Mitch" Bouyer was with the command



BRIG. GEN. E. S. GODFREY

and he knew where the Indians were to be found. Bouyer, who was one of the most competent guides in the region, had been with the Montana Column since early in April, and with Lieutenant James Bradley on the sixteenth of May when that officer saw the smoke of a great Indian village blanketing the valley of the Tongue near the present town of Garland, Montana. Later he and Lieutenant Bradley saw the same village about eighteen or twenty miles up Rosebud Creek.

It was to the site of this latter encampment that Bouyer now led Major Reno's scouting party. In fact Lieutenant Godfrey, who was not with the detachment, wrote later that Reno's command had followed the Indian trail from the Tongue to the Rosebud, and they may very well have done so although it is strange that Dr. DeWolf should not mention the fact.

The route followed from the Tongue to the Rosebud is somewhat uncertain since Dr. DeWolf gives no clues which might help to identify it. The Indian camp on the Rosebud was scattered along the bank for about a mile, and probably centered near the mouth of present Sprague Creek. There is an unnamed creek coming into the Rosebud from the east about four miles below Sprague Creek, and down this the six companies may have ridden in crossing from the Tongue. But if so, they followed down Tongue River for considerably more than eight miles, especially if they reached it at the mouth of Bea-

ver Creek. Dr. DeWolf, who indicates that they found the Indian trail after arriving on the Rosebud, estimated that it was about a week old.

On the morning of the seventeenth the command moved up the Rosebud for a distance of about seven and a half miles, following the Indian trail. They halted and bivouacked in the vicinity of the present village of Lee, Montana, about half-way between Custer's campsites on June 22 and 23.

Here Major Reno carefully considered his next step. Acting, apparently on the advice of his Arikara scouts, he came to the conclusion that discretion was the better part of valor and decided to return to the Yellowstone. Sergeant Kanipe, of Troop C, says that they returned because the rations were running short. This probably was a factor at least, in the Major's decision. In any event they broke camp at four o'clock that afternoon and started for the Yellowstone, covering fifteen miles in four hours before going into camp.

The next day, June 18, a ride of approximately nineteen miles brought the Reno scout to the Yellowstone River. A short distance downstream they discovered Colonel Gibbon's command on the opposite bank and communicated with them by improvised signal flags. A Crow Indian also swam the river with a message fastened in his scalp lock. From this point Major Reno sent couriers to General Terry, reporting his arrival on the Yellowstone River after at least a tacit violation of his order which were "not to go to the Rosebud."

The Reno scout had availed nothing. General Terry had learned nothing that he had not already heard from Colonel Gibbon and from Lieutenant Bradley. According to Dr. DeWolf they had not seen an Indian, and all of the trails were old. He expressed the opinion that they would not see an Indian all summer. How wrong he was, the next week would prove all too conclusively!

THE MAN WHO PUT THE DUDE IN DUDE RANCHING



Dick Randall, Hunting Guide to Teddy Roosevelt,
Became the Father of Dude Ranching in Montana

by L. W. (Gay) Randall

ALMOST concurrently with publication of romantic accounts of Texas Trail Drives of the 1860's and 1870's, the excitement of actual participation in the "wild and wooly" life of the West began stirring the bloodstream of adventuresome Americans. It has grown and intensified with the passing years. Thus, what started as a minor side-line and an insignificant fad — Western Dude Ranching—has become big business.

The dude ranches of the West, most of them grouped in Wyoming and Montana, generally favor the idea that a true dude ranch should be a working ranch. Theodore Roosevelt, one of the first prominent Easterners who experienced these delights in the 1870's, became an ambassador of clean, healthy living on a Western cattle ranch.

Three college youths, the Eaton brothers, who came to Teddy Roosevelt's stomping grounds near Medora, N. Dak. in 1879, liked ranch life so well that they stayed and established a large horse ranch. Friends who began com-

ing out for visits were so enthusiastic about spending vacations on a working ranch that they begged to come again and again. Realizing that it would be an imposition to ask the Eaton boys to board and room them for nothing, the guests began insisting on paying for their keep. Thus was born the dude ranch.

In 1904, realizing that they needed better hunting and fishing facilities, more inspiring scenery and climate, the Eatons settled on the east side of the Big Horn Mountains near Wolf, Wyoming. The Eaton Ranch still operates, with great grandchildren of the first "dudes" arriving every summer to share the joys and adventures of this unique recreational feature.

Before the Eatons moved to Wyoming, however, a young and amiable packer and guide named James Norris (Dick) Randall was establishing his OTO Ranch in a beautiful valley on Cedar Creek, 12 miles northeast of Gardiner, Montana, near Yellowstone National Park. Although he didn't originally plan



James Norris Randall was often called "Pretty Dick" Randall by his friends about the time this picture was taken on his horse "Nibs" at Mammoth, Yellowstone Park, in September, 1890. He was rapidly establishing himself as a reliable and knowledgeable hunting guide. A few years later he was operating his OTO Ranch, the first bona fide dude ranch in Montana.

(Haynes photo.)

to become a dude rancher, this colorful man who spent nearly three quarters of a century in Montana, is considered the father of dude ranching in this state.

Dick Randall was a charter member and a lifelong honorary director of the Dude Ranchers Association, established in 1926 at Bozeman and now headquartered in Billings. In its most recent issue, "The Dude Rancher" Magazine lists 99 bona fide member ranches, 77 of them in Montana and Wyoming. Most of them are "working ranches" devoted to raising livestock and agricultural crops. The remainder are "mountain ranches" designed primarily to care for guests, where horses are often the only livestock.

Almost invariably these ranches are the homes of their owners, and part of their great appeal lies in the fact that guests are treated to the same congenial Western hospitality they would receive if they were non-paying relatives or friends.

That is the way they were treated at the OTO Ranch of Dick Randall during the many years he was establishing his reputation as "Mr. Dude Rancher." That story is recounted here by his son, Gay, of Clarkston, Wash.

—The Editors

THOUSANDS of "tired" businessmen, working people, their families and friends will spend vacations this summer at one of nearly one hundred dude ranches of the West. This is the story of the man who is hailed as "The Father of Dude Ranching in Montana," the man who "put the dude in dude ranching," a longtime guide, packer, sportsman and outdoorsman who began one of Montana's most important businesses without ever planning it that way. This is the story of James Norris (Dick) Randall, my father, whose 90 years of colorful life came to an end on August 20, 1957.

When Dick Randall came to Montana Territory in 1884 from his boyhood home in Birmingham, Iowa, he was barely 18 years of age, eager for a taste of the wild free life in the great open spaces he had heard so much about. The Northern Pacific Railway had just tapped the Territory, bringing hopes for cheaper, faster and greater transportation of supplies and the import and export of hundreds of thousands of Longhorn cattle which still ranged the Territory from the early days of the Texas Trail drives.

Dad's first job in Montana Territory was with the Seven-Bar-Seven outfit in what is now Yellowstone and Rosebud Counties. His training was under old and experienced men of the range, whom he realized were tough and hardy men of a type he admired. Dick often said, "In my short term of cowpunching, I learned a lot of good cow and horse sense." It was to serve him well.

The hard winter of 1886-87 nearly wiped out many of the big cow outfits, bringing to an end the free open range era. Besides changing the entire livestock picture in the West, this devastat-

This old sod homestead cabin housed the Randalls for many years after Dick Randall started his famous dude ranch nearly 60 years ago. This sturdy house was still standing when 88-year-old Dick visited the crumbling O T O Ranch in 1955, some 20 years after he had sold it. When paying guests first began arriving at the Randall ranch, they were housed along with the family in this house. Later they were accommodated in tents before Dick Randall had time and money to build cozy log cabins and eventually a spacious lodge structure.

(Randall photo.)

ing winter was a personal turning point for young Randall. He became closely associated with another young and adventurous top hand, June Buzzell. That winter they talked long and earnestly about their poor chances of steady employment in the hard-pressed cattle outfits.

Hearing that hundreds of people were beginning to come to Yellowstone Park via railroad and the newly established stage line of George W. Wakefield, the two friends decided to seek jobs there. In early May, 1887, they were on their way up the Yellowstone River from old Junction City (now Custer) driving a dozen good cow ponies, bought with their meager savings.

In Big Timber, Randall and Buzzell procured a month's employment on an irrigation ditch being built by the firm of Locke & Work. In June they arrived at Yellowstone Park, where George Wakefield put them to work at Lower Geyser Basin and Canyon, night-hawking the stage and freight stock of the transportation company.

After the Park season closed in the Fall of 1887, the young men hired out as packers with a big game hunting party. That first trip was all that Dick Randall needed for implementing his dream of getting into the hunting business for himself. Elk ranged the area by the thousands, deer were everywhere, black and brown bear, Bighorn sheep and grizzly bear were plentiful. This was the last of the original big game hunting country left in the Territory, a thrilling circumstance of nature which led my father in later life to work tirelessly and often as an embattled advocate of conservation.



When the Winter 1887-88 moved in, the partners again were jobless. Dick and June struck up a friendship with an old hunter and trapper named Proctor, who generously invited them to spend the winter in his snug log cabin near the banks of the Yellowstone River. Here again the future dude rancher gained outdoor experience which was to stand him in good stead in the future. Proctor was not only an experienced hunter, trapper and woodsman, but he liked to tell about it in detail. Led on by eager questions, Proctor related the fine points of hunting and trapping, the habits of the big game animals of the area, and even made rough maps showing the big game country, the streams and good campsites.

During the next three summers, 1888-9-90, Dick Randall drove Yellowstone Park stagecoaches for Wakefield. Here he made Eastern contacts for fall hunting trips, and on this basis soon established himself as an outfitter and guide. His impressive list of patrons included: Thomas Fortune Ryan; Owen Wister, the author; Elbert Gary, steel manufacturer; Hartley Dodge, president of Remington Arms, and even the German general, Von Hindenburg.

In March, 1903, President Theodore Roosevelt's private train was sidetracked at the now forgotten spot where Cinnebar stood, while the President spent a leisurely three-week wilderness vacation near Tower Falls. During those weeks, old Cinnebar served as the nation's capital.

At the conclusion of his vacation in Yellowstone, Teddy Roosevelt, on April 24, 1903, laid the cornerstone for the



Howard Eaton, oldest of the three Eaton Brothers, is shown in hunting buckskins in this picture, taken at Medora, N. Dak. before 1890. Howard Eaton died in 1922, and his brother, Willis, seven years later. A third brother, F. Alden Eaton, died in 1937 and left a son, Bill, who is still living and whose son-in-law, Tom Ferguson, now manages the historic Eaton Ranch at Wolf, Wyoming. (Eaton Ranch Photo.)

north entrance arch at Gardiner. On that day I saw my first President and watched my father vigorously shaking hands with him on the platform.

Randall's hunting parties ranged far into the Hell Roaring country north of Yellowstone Park and into the Tetons and Jackson Hole of Wyoming. His motto during those years was: "A satisfied hunter is the best advertising one can have." Industrialists, bank presidents, and international sportsmen from England, Scotland, Jamaica and Germany continued to make their reservations six months or more in advance. Lord A. E. Blake of London made five adventuresome trips with Dad, all of them lasting from one to two months.

For a number of years while living at Gardiner, Dick Randall wintered his horses at the mountain valley claim of Al Joliff and Ben Blakeslee, located 12 miles northeast of the town. During this time he was giving serious thought and expressing fond hopes of getting such a place of his own as headquarters for his growing pack trip business. The Cedar Creek valley had all the features he desired—good grass and mead-

owland, seclusion, a crystal clear mountain stream, and a surrounding of magnificent mountains.

In the Spring of 1898, Dad was finally able to buy the squatters rights from Joliff and Blakeslee to this area (which was not surveyed and was to remain so for a number of years). Some homesteaders arrived in later years, but as they became dissatisfied with the very things that pleased him, Randall gradually bought them out. Along with some Northern Pacific Railway land, Dad had, by the late 1900's, a total of 5,000 splendid mountain acres.

It was not Father's original plan, when he bought the Cedar Creek property, to become a dude rancher. The idea of paying ranch guests was still almost unheard of. With Dad it developed and grew like Topsy. Yet it was here, at about the turn of the century, that dude ranching was born.

The spring bear hunting trips and the rugged fall big game parties continued to come. The hunters, most of them wealthy men who had grown tired of the gilded spas in other sections of the country, liked the wilderness seclusion of this ranch life. Many of them would come a week or more ahead of hunting time to ride and toughen up a bit. It was a common sight to see the president of a great national corporation, or a prominent New York banker or doctor out at the wood pile splitting wood, just for fun and exercise! These men were interested in the everyday phases of ranch work and they wanted to be a part of them to relax and forget the cares of high-tension business.

These first "dudes" (never a derogatory term in this context) took potluck at the Randall family dining room. Sur-



An early group of guests at the Eaton Ranch is pictured in the early 1900's while on a trip to Yellowstone Park. Howard Eaton is pictured in the back row, seventh from the left. Novelist Mary Roberts Rinehart, who spent twelve summers on the Eaton Ranch between 1915 and 1933, is seen in the middle row, fourth from the left. (Eaton Ranch Photo.)

prisingly enough they liked the simple but well-prepared and plentiful food. They would come again and again, often bringing friends with them. Thus the Randall family found themselves in a going business that had not been planned, but had simply evolved.

Working along with Dad now was Mother, the former Dora Roseborough who had crossed the plains with her family in an ox-drawn covered wagon in the 1880's. They were married in 1892, and this son was born the following year. My sister was born five years later.

The one-room bunkhouse and spare room in the family ranch house would no longer accommodate all the guests. At first a few 12x16 wall tents with board floors and sides were put up to take care of some of the guests. There was no plumbing, and water from the rushing icy mountain stream had to be carried in buckets and heated over a wood-burning stove. But there were no complaints from the guests, most of whom had known great luxury and convenience all their lives, for this was the spice of nature that they craved.

Dad eventually erected log guest houses, the logs being cut some three miles up the valley during the winter months and hauled on bobsleds. Most of the building, too, had to be done during the winter since there was no spare time in summer to combine building with the ranch work and "dude wrangling."

As the dude ranch business increased and finances picked up, all ranch operations had to be proportionately expanded. The ranch raised and butchered its own grass-fed beef. Hundreds of frying chickens had to be raised, and many laying hens were kept to supply fresh eggs daily. A small herd of Guernsey cows supplied an abundance of rich wholesome milk, butter and thick cream.

I well remember how enthusiastic our guests were about the richest homemade ice cream they had ever tasted, and the amazing variety of our own fresh garden produce always on the laden tables. It was surprising that so many of the dudes liked to go to the garden and help gather fresh things. It was not uncommon in the late afternoon to see a



The enthralling mountain scenery surrounding the OTO Ranch is here enjoyed by some of the many guests who came in increasing numbers to participate in life at Randall's working ranch. The ranch buildings may be seen nestled in the Cedar Creek valley at the center of the picture. (Gay Randall Photo.)

number of women guests, many of whom had maids and servants in their own homes, sitting in the shade near Mother's kitchen, shelling freshly picked peas for the evening meal.

Dude Ranch vacations became more and more to be family affairs, and they remained so as long as Dad operated. Dude youngsters, of course, speedily decked out in loud shirts, big hats and cowboy boots. But they were not simply playing cowboy at the OTO Ranch. They were on a real ranch, doing or learning to do the vital things that every salty ranch hand did. To everyone in the family this was a strangely invigorating experience, a vacation that was care-free and different.

In 1910, even more log cabins were built at the ranch, and our string of sturdy and reliable horses had to be increased. Much more equipment, new saddles, and all other gear were acquired along with vastly more help to operate the expanding business. There were many miles of mountain trails to build and maintain, leading to

especially beautiful lookout points. Another big job was the stocking of secluded mountain lakes with small trout. This could only be achieved by packing a string of horses with a 10-gallon milk can on each side pack, with some 2,500 fingerling trout in each can. Within two or three years Dad built excellent fishing in these lakes; and since trout fishing had become a basic requirement in successful dude ranching—we were indeed a prized outfit!

Log cabin accommodations for 16 people, together with a kitchen and dining room, were built on the wild, beautiful Hell Roaring River at the mouth of Horse Creek, in 1910. Some 80 acres of grassy mountain meadowland were fenced in here for a needed advance horse pasture. The 35-mile mountain trail from the OTO Ranch to our lovely, remote Hell Roaring Lodge was a scenic 2-day trip, crossing two Rocky Mountain divides and skirting everlasting snow glaciers in some of the most rugged wilderness country on the Continent.

Dick Randall is taking a party of happy OTO Ranch guests out for a morning's ride in this picturesque picture taken during the time he was known as "Mr. Dude Rancher".
(Gay Randall Photo.)

Up to this time, Father had never launched or even attempted an advertising program. Former guests had always done that for him, by word of mouth. Finally, however, an ex Florida real estate salesman tempted Dick Randall in to buying 80 acres of supposedly rich Everglade land. After the down payment was made, Dad decided to take a trip to see what he had bought. Arriving in Miami, he learned that the development company could show him only where the land was supposed to be—it was under water! But oddly enough, even this incident became a fortuitous turning point in Dad's dude ranch business: it launched him even more securely on a program of life-long ambassadorship for the glories of the West in general and the efficacy and benefits of wholesome dude ranching, in particular.

In Florida he stumbled upon a fertile field for prospective ranch guests. The millionaire playboys and retired businessmen who vacationed the year around had been just about everywhere and done almost everything except vacation on a Western dude ranch. It was comparatively easy for Dick, with his natural, friendly and easy way, to interest many such patrons in such a new kind of vacation. The dude ranch business was catching on and growing everywhere—and these Florida guests had marvelous contacts.

Thus Dick Randall gradually began to inspire headlines and stories in eastern newspapers. The old ranch albums today are filled with feature stories. Such headlines as: "Dick Randall, Pioneer Westerner, Tells How The West Really Does It;" "Only in America and Only in the Far West Can You Live This Special Kind of Life on the Old Time Cattle Ranges;" "The East Learns the Ways of the West;" "Mr. Dude



Rancher is in Town;" "The Man Who Put the Dude in Dude Ranching" and many others.

A wealth of down-to-earth truth was added to other good publicity for the OTO Ranch and dude ranches and tourist business in general throughout Montana and the West. Later advertising included complete movies of the wholesome ranch life, scenic pack trips and unbelievable trout fishing in the mountain streams and lakes, together with color slides.

In 1914 the first sizeable new building unit was started at OTO Ranch. This consisted of a 200-foot front T-shaped rustic main lodge, including a large kitchen and dining room seating 60 guests easily. The spacious yet cozy, living room with its rustic fireplace became the gathering place for guests. Here Dad had a field day—telling his hunting experiences and handing down many a tale he had heard from such rare old West characters whom he had known, as Calamity Jane, Yankee Jim, Horn Miller, Uncle Joe Brown, California Joe, Buffalo Bill, Death Valley Scotty and many others.

Calamity Jane, by the way, once spent a part of each summer at Cinnibar, which was the terminus of the Northern Pacific branch line from Livingston to the Park, and our nearest town for supplies. We talked to "Calamity" many times; once she kissed me which made my mother very angry.



Seated before the large fireplace in the OTO Ranch trophy room, Dick Randall points to the exact spot on the head of a big grizzly bear where his well-placed bullet entered to drop him. Standing at the extreme right is the late Hartley Dodge, son of Geraldine Rockefeller Dodge of New York City. Standing at young Dodge's right is his body guard and tutor, McClure Halley. They came to the Ranch in 1930 for an extended summer's vacation and a big bear hunting trip in the fall. With Dick Randall as head guide, some 22 bear were killed, including two very large grizzlies. (Gay Randall Photo.)

One of Dad's effective demonstrations when telling of the capture of the Spencer and Bennett band of horse thieves in Jackson Hole in 1892 was tying the tricky horse thief knot in a big bandana handkerchief. This knot, used among horse thieves to identify themselves to other members, consisted of four perfect squares on one side and a perfect "X" on the other. He also demonstrated some fancy gun-twirling with his old .45 Peacemaker Colt, fanning the hammer of his favorite single action revolver. Although not a fast draw artist, Dad was an expert shot with revolver and rifle, as good as they come!

The big new lodge also held a recreation and trophy room as well as ten guests rooms all with modern plumbing. Even a hydroelectric plant was installed, using the rushing waters of Cedar

Creek; and a new large saddle room was built, together with larger horse corrals.

Guests in the years before 1916 were still met in the Northern Pacific station at Corwin Springs, 5 miles away, with the old 4-horse, 9-passenger stage coach. The mingled thrill and fright of riding over the two miles of private mountain road from the main road was a good introduction to ranch life.

After 1916 ranch guests began arriving more and more in their own automobiles. The two miles of private mountain wagon road to the OTO was too steep, narrow and crooked; far from a safe road by eastern standards. Thus a new road was built, following up the narrow sheer rock canyon walls of Cedar Creek. This road required two years of back breaking toil, blasting

Before the days of the automobile and good roads, Dick Randall met his guests in a stagecoach at the Northern Pacific station at Corwin, five miles from the ranch. Here Randall, in the driver's seat, has just pulled up in front of the OTO Ranch's main lodge, built in 1914.

(Gay Randall Photo)

away the steep cliff walls, confining the wild stream to a narrow channel and crossing and re-crossing that mountain stream 13 times during the two miles, over still-rustic log bridges.

After World War I the demand for dude ranch vacations increased startlingly. Dad then built 10 new rustic one- and two-room cabins and a dormitory accommodating 30 boys. He could now accommodate at least 90 guests. It was then that Dick Randall made plans to "invade" the eastern cities with a personal-contact advertising and public relations campaign. The nation's railroads, aware of the growing popularity of dude ranch vacations, co-operated handsomely. They gave Dick Randall entire window displays and valuable space in their major downtown ticket offices in most of the cities visited. The first window displays, I recall, consisted of complete and authentic cowboy outfits, old guns and used pack equipment, augmented brightly by enlarged photographs of the "real" life.

The Northern Pacific, Burlington and Milwaukee Railroads, particularly, saw a vast new field for passenger business. Some 20 new dude ranches had been established. The railroads speedily promoted a general get-together to advance and expand advertising, and create a neighborly feeling among dude ranchers. In the fall of 1926, a huge meeting was held in Bozeman, Montana. The



result was creation of The Dude Ranchers Association, still active in promoting this uniquely Western business enterprise. Dick Randall was an eager charter member. Even after retiring from active ranching in 1934, he remained a devoted lifetime director-member.

Accommodating ranch guests properly is more exacting than any other type of tourist business I can think of. Every need of the guest must be anticipated, from housing, feeding and entertainment to insuring personal safety. A certain amount of variety in activities is necessary. Everything must be first rate—even in the wilderness, for today's clientele. Regular weekly all-day trips skillfully organized to the picturesque back country, plus many pack trips which last from three to several days must be on the itinerary. The weekly chuck wagon steak fries, always popular and entertaining, with a cowboy strumming a guitar and the guests enjoying old Western ballads in the moonlight, are a must!

A string of sturdy cabins on Dick Randall's Ranch is shown in this early picture. Randall is the man at the extreme left, chatting with one of the "dudes."

(Gay Randall Photo.)



Through the years, Dick Randall probably conducted more horseback tours through Yellowstone Park, where guests could see, photograph and enjoy wild life, than any other man. His largest party was conducted in 1927 when the Sierra Club of San Francisco arrived with 173 people. This party required the services of 40 skilled crew members—cooks, camp men and packers—nearly 200 head of horses and mules—and mountains of equipment such as tents, bedrolls, kitchens and food. Dad organized it without a hitch!

The American Boy Expedition, originating in Boston in 1930, was the beginning of a program which brought hundreds of teen-age boys to spend all summer at the Randall Ranch. Parents discovered that this dude ranch was an ideal, safe, and wondrous place for their sons; and the OTO files are filled with grateful letters from parents; as well as many former boy "guests" who still remembered their priceless OTO Ranch experiences long after they had reached maturity and entered the world of big business, politics or a pressuring profession. Dick Randall's half century interest in promoting dude ranching never faltered. For many years he furnished the lion's share of good saddle stock and bucking horses for the Livingston Rodeo, without charge; realizing that well-done Western rodeos meshed perfectly with sound dude ranching practices and life.

But most important, James Norris Randall was a lifelong conservationist, fighting for the preservation of wild life, wilderness and unspoiled natural recreation. His opposition to the policies of both federal and state agencies on game-management became legendary, and many famous and bitter word-battles resulted. Dick Randall deplored the slaughter of the northern Elk herd, the unsportsmanlike "firing line" in Park County near Gardiner which slaughtered elk wantonly and cruelly.

(Continued on Page 39, Column 2)

CONSERVATION IN MONTANA

Recently the Montana Fish and Game Commission traced the chronology of fish and wildlife conservation in Montana, beginning with 1864-65, when the Territorial Legislature passed the first law to conserve fish. The bill stated that "fishing tackle consisting of a pole, line and hook shall be the only lawful way that speckled mountain trout may be caught in any of the streams of the territory," and the use of seines or net was also prohibited.

In a preamble to this interesting capsule history, the commission said: "Preservation of our wildlife can be fulfilled only by following a plan of harvesting the surplus of any species of game animal, game bird or fish, and preserving a suitable habitat for each specie to insure continued reproduction. Game laws enacted by our legislature and rules and regulations of the Fish and Game Commission are made for this purpose. Should there be any question of the wisdom and necessity of these laws, we should bear in mind that wildlife has no better means of defense today from predation by man than it had centuries ago, while man has increased his efficiency to kill a thousandfold."

Quail and partridge received protection in 1869, when hunting these birds was closed for three years. Closed seasons from February 1 to August 15 each year were enacted in 1872 on buffalo, moose, elk, deer, mountain sheep, mountain goats, antelope and hares. The next year, 1873, the killing of song birds was prohibited.

In 1876, the first closed season, from April 1 to October 1, was declared for beaver, otter, marten and fisher. The season from May 15 to August 10 was closed for duck and geese, and that same year common carriers were prohibited from transporting illegally killed game out of the state. The first law prohibiting use of explosives to kill fish was also enacted in 1876.

The buffalo carnage probably inspired the 1877 law which made it unlawful to kill game animals for hides alone without using or selling the meat. Trapping of beaver except on private lands was also prohibited, and it became unlawful to hunt or chase game animals with dogs. In 1877, the sale of game birds for market purposes was prohibited.

The first appropriation from the territorial treasury for the benefit of fishing came in 1879, when \$1,000 was appropriated for removal of part of the Great Falls on the Clark's Fork of the Columbia River to enable salmon to reach the upper waters of the Territory.

The first stream pollution law was enacted in 1881, when it became unlawful to dump sawdust and debris from sawmills into streams.

The first game wardens for the State were provided in 1889, the year of statehood. County Commissioners were empowered to hire one warden for each county "if needed." In 1895 came the first bag limits on game animals and prairie chickens. Each person was prohibited from taking more than 2 moose, 2 elk, 8 deer, 8 antelope, 8 mountain sheep, 8 mountain goats and 100 prairie chickens in any one year. Montana's first Board of Fish and Game Commission was appointed in 1895.

The first daily bag limits on game birds were enacted in 1897. No person could kill more than 20 grouse or prairie chickens in one day, and the sale of game animals, birds, trout and grayling was prohibited.



DICK RANDALL AND DUKE, 1929.

The first non-resident licenses for taking game animals and birds were required by the 1901 legislature. Non-residents who were non-taxpayers had to pay \$25 for big game licenses and \$15 for game birds. Resident licenses were not enacted until 1905, when a fee of \$1 per family was required.

In 1906, Montana's first state game warden, W. F. Scott, was appointed, along with seven full time deputy game wardens. With the advent of the automobile, the 1919 legislature decreed that it was unlawful to kill or capture game from an automobile.

The report unfolds the conservation story in Montana, the establishment of fisheries and game preserves, the hunter safety program, regulations on boating, and many others. It also reveals that in 1958 a total of 187,949 resident bird and fish licenses at \$3 each were sold, along with 121,019 resident big game licenses at the same figure. In 1958 a total of 3,923 non-residents paid \$100 each for the privilege of hunting big game in Montana.

In 1949, Randall wrote in *The Dude Rancher* magazine: "You may think I am radical about our wild life. I have seen our wild life in the prime of life. There were no game laws [then] in Wyoming or Montana. The game thrived, the hunter killed what meat he wanted for his own use. The hunter was the first person to resent unnecessary killing. My over-50-years as guide to big game hunters, and living with what is known as the northern and southern herd of elk, I can't recall but one case where there was elk killed by the white hunter who abused the privilege . . .



Stories about the early days in Montana were always popular with the dudes. Here Dick Randall (right, front) is spinning tales about his years of experience as a packer and guide. The picture was taken during one of the many pack trips into the back country surrounding the OTO Ranch. (Randall photo.)

Howard Eaton is shown in the foreground of this picture, taken in about 1918 in Glacier Park. The Eaton Ranch of Wolf, Wyo. often took its guests to Yellowstone and Glacier Parks, usually going by train from Sheridan and shipping horses and equipment on freight cars.

(Eaton Ranch photo.)



Three men who helped guide the 35-year-old Dude Ranchers Association: At left, Paul Van Cleve, Jr. of the Lazy K Bar Ranch, Big Timber, Mont., former president; center, I. H. Larom, Valley Ranch, Wyo., first president and still a member of the board of directors. Larom headed the Dude Ranchers for 19 years. Right Paul Christensen of the 63 Ranch, Livingston, Mont., current president of the Association.
(Union Pacific R. R. photo.)



"I still haven't changed my mind: you can't have [both] your wild life and sheep [ranching too] and it is up to you to choose which you want. They just won't live together or within hearing distance of each other. You can't have a recreational area in a country that smells like a sheep yard. You can't have that good trout fishing with the streams polluted. You can't have those snow banks stay until late summer in the mountains with the underbrush gone. You can't have that bird life. Yes, you won't have summer tourists that come to our and their mountains for recreation and hunting and fishing. Last but not least, you can't have money brought into a country, when the country gives the public nothing for their money!" Dad may not have been articulate but he spoke persuasively and from the heart when it came to conserving our great natural blessings.

When Dick Randall sold out in 1934, the OTO Ranch still had 300 head of saddle horses, 5,000 acres of God's most beautiful land, and it could lodge up to 100 dudes at a time. After an unpleasant taste of city life in Livingston, where he "just about went crazy," the old packer and dude rancher bought a 12,000 acre ranch in Paradise Valley, seven miles south of Livingston. There

he and his son-in-law raised white-face Hereford cattle. Dad Randall remained a sturdy advocate of conservation and a promoter of dude ranching. He wrote many short stories and articles based on his experiences; he even started work on a full-length novel of Western life.

In 1955, Dad expressed a wish to visit the old family dude ranch, which he had not seen for over 20 years. It was his 88th birthday. As we stood in the doorway of the original sod-roofed homestead log house that still stood sturdily under the wear and weather of more than half a century, Father's steely blue eyes blinked swiftly. His once fertile green fields had grown to weeds and sagebrush. His fine ranch buildings, most of them built with his own hands, were rotting away. The new owners had tried dude ranching, but they had soon given up and converted to stock raising.

Thus for Dick Randall his beloved OTO Ranch, the cradle of dude ranching in Montana, had become a ghost ranch. But dude ranching, properly handled, was no ghost, and neither was its founder. James Norris Randall had lived almost a century as a symbol of a Western gentleman, sportsman and conservationist.



Medicine Man Yellow Bird lies amid the carnage at Wounded Knee Creek, South Dakota, after he had led the frenzied Sioux to believe their "ghost shirts" would save them from the white man's bullets and that if they would continue the Ghost Dance all dead Indians would return to life, bringing with them the vanished buffalo. This tragic massacre on December 29, 1890, brought an end to the Messiah craze of the Sioux, but it left the tribe more dissatisfied than ever.

Battle of Lightning Creek

STEAMING CAULDRONS of Devil's Brew were bubbling around the Sioux reservations in the Dakotas during the fall and winter months of 1890. Good Thunder, Cloud Horse, Yellow Knife, and others had returned from their Nevada meeting with Wovoka, the Indian Messiah who was to save the Indians from their white masters. The Messiah had promised to cause the white man to vanish, restore the buffalo herds, bring the dead Indians back to life, and recreate the glorious past, all through the simple magic of the Ghost Dances, and the Ghost Shirts which could not be penetrated by white-men's bullets.

More than a dozen years had now passed since the bloody battles of the Little Big Horn and Slim Buttes, but settlers in the eastern tier of Wyoming counties were alarmed. Many of the oldsters could remember back to other days when Sioux war parties had roamed the country west of the Black Hills.

News and rumors of the frightening Ghost Dances filtered westward across and around the hills. Then, news of the clash between the followers of Sitting Bull and the Indian Police resulting in the old chief's death. Next, details of the massacre of the Sioux at Wounded Knee on the Pine Ridge reservation southeast of Rapid City.¹

Sullen Sioux From Pine Ridge Reservation Brought On the Last Indian-White Blood-Letting in Wyoming

by Ernest M. Richardson

Raiding parties of vengeance-bound Sioux were said to be on the prowl. Frightened ranchers hurried their families from lonely cabins along the Cheyenne and Belle Fourche rivers to the protection of hastily built community block houses and stockades.

There were also spine chilling moments of anxiety among the dwellers in the little frontier towns in and around the hills. The yellowing files of the *Newcastle News-Journal* in the Wyoming county seat town, then less than three years old, gives us a hint. In its January 2, 1891 issue, we learn that Mayor John Baird has sent the following telegram to Frank W. Mondell at the State Capitol in Cheyenne:

We need 500 stands of arms and ammunition. The people here are demanding protection. Please see Acting Governor Barber and have the matter attended to at once.

There were people still living in that country in the early nineties who had known at first-hand the Sioux Indian on the warpath. Some were veterans of

Indian campaigns. A few had been with Connor or Carrington in the bloody sixties; or with Crook or Reno or Benteen in the seventies. Some had come west by covered wagon through Indian infested Nebraska or Dakota. They had seen the tortured and gutted, scalped and mutilated bodies of the Indians' victims. These men—and women—who had seen these things with their own eyes, were generally apt to subscribe to the theory that the only good Indian was a dead Indian.

Back east, thousands of miles away from the dangers of Indian outbreaks, were the Indians' Friends. They saw the red man as a human brother. Their earthly mission—so they believed—was to make him over as quickly as possible into their concept of the white man's image, or a reasonable facsimile thereof; in other words, like themselves.

They wanted, and expected, to lift him immediately from stone-age savagery to nineteenth century culture; to change him at once, by edict or proclamation, from the life of a nomadic hunter and warrior who looked upon manual labor as degrading, to the life of a hard-working, self-supporting farmer. This transition was to be accomplished by giving him a pig, a cow, a wagon, a horse, a plow, then putting a pair of pants on him and telling him to go to work.

Then, these "do-gooders" allowed they'd put shoes, shirts, and pants on the Indians' young sons, too, hustle them off to that school at Carlisle,

In our Summer, 1959, issue we published "The Forgotten Haycutters at Fort C. F. Smith" written by Ernest M. Richardson of Pacific Palisades, Calif. At the same time we received the accompanying manuscript on the Battle of Lightning Creek from Mr. Richardson, a retired investment banker with a consuming interest in western history and a talent for writing it down.

Earlier this year, we learned with regret that Mr. Richardson had passed away, and we have received permission from his widow to publish this article as well as two others which came from his lively pen.

Mr. Richardson was the son-in-law of Sheriff Billy Miller of Weston County, Wyoming, whose death occurred at the Battle of Lightning Creek, the last fight between whites and Indians in Wyoming. As with other manuscripts Mr. Richardson produced in his retirement, this one stands up under historical investigation, but by the nature of things he had a strong personal stake and a bias in this episode. He may be forgiven for presenting this story a bit more "red and white," perhaps, than it actually was. But it is lively, true history, and we are delighted to share it with our readers.

¹ A present-day immediacy was given the Wounded Knee fight with the death in Helena on May 9, 1960, of Thomas Nemecek, Sr., a native of Czechoslovakia, who was a soldier at the battle and was later wounded at the Battle of San Juan Hill during the Spanish-American War. Nemecek, who was 96 years old at the time of his unexpected death, enlisted in Nebraska in 1890, the same year the final Sioux tragedy at Wounded Knee in South Dakota took place.



Unhappy Indians on many reservations turned to the weird ghost dances in the belief that the buffalo would be restored, along with all the fallen warriors of the past. Whipped into frenzied mysticism, the Indians believed the ghost shirts they wore would protect them from white men's bullets. This picture, from the Bureau of Ethnology, shows the ghost dance of the Arapahoes.

Pennsylvania. There the Indians would be exposed to a white-man's education and soak up a white-man's religion.

Thus the planners planned. The Indian would be guided through a "short-cut" on the rough road toward the white-man's "civilization," saving maybe a century of the slower but safer trek along the evolutionary trail.

The attitude of the frontier toward this educational project was summed up rather caustically by a contemporary editorial writer who expressed the opinion that an educated Indian only picked up, at Carlisle, most of the white man's vices while losing all of his own native virtues.

Thus the Ghost Dance craze ended with the slaughter at Wounded Knee. Frightened white settlers and townspeople resumed their normal ways of life and the Sioux returned to their reservations.

During the final decade of the nineteenth century, life at the Pine Ridge reservation moved along placidly—nothing more exciting than the occasional change of Indian Agents to coincide with the changing political climate in Washington. Of course there were the ever-to-be-expected petty complaints and petty squabbles among the tribesmen; but, on the whole, they got along very well, wandering aimlessly along

the creeks and over the hills and gulches within the boundaries of the reservation. The government fed them, asked little in return.

Some of the ancient ones—the old warriors—were still around. Men like Red Cloud, and a few of his remaining contemporaries; wrinkled, toothless, sullen, brooding old men, living in the past, nursing their undying hatred of the white man who had roused them from their last good hunting grounds in the Powder River country and corralled them on this despicable gameless reservation.

As best they could they passed along their heritage of hate to the young bucks growing up around them; growing up fat and lazy under the workless, spoon-feeding regimen of the agents of the Great White Father.

Sometimes the young men became restless like penned-up hunting dogs, and yearned to travel; to wander again the wide-open spaces to the west of the Black Hills. If the Indian Agent was indulgent or indolent—and this was not at all unusual—or if he happened to be timid or ignorant or incompetent, they could wheedle permission to leave the reservation in groups or bands and travel westward across the hills on hunting and visiting excursions.

During the early nineties such groups often wandered all over eastern and central Wyoming, sometimes going as far west as the Wind River country for visits with their old allies, the Arapahoes, and with their old traditional enemies, the Shoshones.

Travelling in large bands, the Indians would spread out to cover strips of country as much as fifty miles in width, slaughtering all the deer, elk, antelope, and other game they could find, in addition to killing a few range cattle and stealing a few horses.

FRANK W. MONDELL, Wyoming's only congressman during the Sioux depredations into the State in the early 1900's, bombarded the Commissioner of Indian Affairs with letters and telegrams urging that the Sioux be made to stop illegal forays across the Wyoming line. Mondell complained that instead of enforcing the law, Indian officials at Pine Ridge treated the Sioux as heroes when they returned with illegally shot Wyoming game. (U. of Wyo. photo)



Wyoming was now a state. It had state game laws and laws protecting the private ownership of livestock and other private property. But these were white-man laws. They were ignored by the wandering Indians from Pine Ridge. The bright young bucks, with a smattering of white-man book-learning, had brought the word that the government's treaties with the Sioux gave the Indians the right to hunt and kill game anywhere, anytime they felt like it. One even stated that antelope have no brands; that the Sioux treaties with the Great White Father were stronger than any state's hunting laws. (He proved nothing more than the truth of the old adage about the dangers of a little knowledge.)

The forays by large bands of armed Indians were becoming irritating to the white residents of Wyoming. They didn't like the idea of having their game laws openly flouted; and they became quite peevish when straggling near-sighted Sioux killed their range steers or drove off their horses. Finally, in 1894, some of the long-suffering folks around the little town of Casper took action.

Chief Dreaming Bear, with the aging Red Cloud and his son Jack Red Cloud, wandering away from a large group of reservation Sioux, were picked up, arrested, taken into town and tossed into the local hoosegow. There they were held while the armed citizens of Casper stood off the Indians' followers. The Sioux had to sell Red Cloud's horses, harness, and wagon, to pay up the fines.

This humiliation of the once proud and powerful Indian overlord of the Powder River country became the conversation-piece at many a guttural powwow when the members of the safari

got back to Pine Ridge. But thereafter the Sioux went hunting in smaller groups.

During much of the following decade there were sporadic chases of Indian hunters along Wyoming's eastern border, with frequent arrests and fines following capture. Wyoming's lone Congressman, Frank W. Mondell, carried on a running battle in Washington with the Commissioner of Indian Affairs trying to keep such roving bands of Indians out of Wyoming. Peace officers in the border counties were under constant pressure from newspapers, ranchers, and townspeople, to abate the nuisance.

On March 21, 1901, the *Newcastle News Journal*, complimenting Congressman Mondell, went on to say:

The Honorable Commissioner of Indian Affairs has finally recognized the justice of the demands and recently has directed the Indian Agency at Pine Ridge . . . to prevent the Indians under his charge from again giving cause for complaint . . .

It would seem, however, that someone failed to carry out this commitment, for among the old papers in the files of Sheriff Billy Miller we find that on April 13, 1901 the sheriff sent this telegram to the Indian Agent:

High Dog and eight other Indians in custody here [Newcastle] for violation of game laws.

And on July 25th the local newspaper carried this news item:

. . . pesky redskins under Chief Stinking Bear . . . again on their way up Main Beaver Creek . . . killing and running the game out of the country . . .



That fall Sheriff Miller again rounded up High Dog. The *News Journal* commented in its November 14 issue:

... They were brought to trial yesterday and ... fined \$10 each and costs ... [They] have been trying to sell enough horses to make up the amount ...

Apparently the Indians had been killing livestock as well as game and needed more money than could be raised from the sale of their horses, because Sheriff Miller sent this telegram to the Indian Agent at Pine Ridge:

Send High Dog, Bad Heart Bull, No Fat, Indians ninety dollars for steers.

Among the sheriff's old papers we find this letter from Wyoming's Governor, DeForest Richards:

I have seen two or three notices in the paper to the effect that you have arrested a lot of Indians there and have had them fined for illegally hunting in your section of the country. I write to compliment you on your action, and to thank you on behalf of the state for doing so thoroughly what so few people seem to be interested in doing. I appreciate your action exceedingly and wanted to let you know it.

Sheriff William H. Miller of Weston County had not reached his forty-first birthday in the fall of 1903, but he had

The once powerful Sioux chief, Red Cloud, is pictured here at Pine Ridge, S. Dak., five years before his death. Born in 1822 on the North Platte River in Dakota Territory, Red Cloud was a relentless foe of the white man and was one of the last to give in to hated reservation life. This picture of the old chief with a favored Indian youngster was reproduced from an original taken in 1904 by L. V. McPatrick.

been in that frontier country for over twenty-five years. He had come in contact with Indians on many occasions, both before and after his election to the office of sheriff. As sheriff he had picked up roving bands of poaching and thieving Sioux on numerous occasions, turned them over to the authorities for trial, then started them on their way back to the reservation. There had never been any resistance. The Indians respected him and he had always been able to handle them peacefully. Miller was a calm, steady, family-man; not at all the trigger-happy, Indian-hating type. In 1903 he was in his third two-year term as sheriff.

Some of the younger Indians back at Pine Ridge resented Wyoming's lack of courtesy to, and consideration for, the touring redskins. One such resentful young fellow was a Carlisle educated half-breed, with the Indian name of Eagle Feather and the wholly unimaginative Americanized appellation of Charley Smith.

Charley Smith—or Eagle Feather—hated Sheriff Billy Miller. He hated Miller, first because the sheriff was a white man, and he had been taught by the old warriors at Pine Ridge to hate all white men, despite the fact that his own father was a pale-face. Then, he had been particularly incensed when news of High Dog's arrest reached him. Sheriff Miller had hauled High Dog and his band into Newcastle and they had been fined.

One learns of Charley Smith's anger at the High Dog affair from the affidavit of a Weston County rancher named Walter Sellers. In this affidavit, which is still in the possession of the

SHERIFF WILLIAM H. MILLER of Weston County, Wyoming, was 40 years old in 1903 when he was killed at Lightning Creek as he sought to arrest a band of marauding Sioux from South Dakota. A devoted family man, Sheriff Miller was not known as an Indian-hating type and had frequently had official contact with them.

(Photo from Mrs. E. M. Richardson)

Miller family, Sellers tells of his meeting Charley Smith and his band at the "OS" Ranch shortly after High Dog's arrest. Charley then had in his possession a number of slaughtered antelope and Sellers warned him that he might be arrested. The half-breed stated arrogantly that he would kill antelope if he wanted to kill them, and if Sheriff Miller tried to arrest him for it he would kill the sheriff; that he would kill any one who tried to stop him.

Despite such storm clouds, the Indian Agent at Pine Ridge showed little interest in trying to prevent his charges from going over into Wyoming on illegal hunting trips. He continued to issue "travel permits," which the Indians regarded as licenses to hunt—and to steal, if they felt like stealing—and they proceeded to do just that.

When High Dog and his party got back to the reservation after their arrest at Newcastle in the fall of 1901, Congressman Mondell alleged, in a letter to the Commissioner, that the Indian Agency officials not only failed to impress upon the Indians that they had been properly and legally fined for violating Wyoming's laws, but had actually been encouraged to believe that their arrest was unwarranted and illegal. The Congressman further stated that the Indians had been welcomed back to Pine Ridge Agency "with a display such as might have been given to returning heroes." Mr. Mondell complained bitterly that the Indian Bureau had said that it had no authority to keep the Indians on the reservation against their will; and that "the remedy lay in our hands, and if the Indians violated our laws they should be arrested and tried therefor."



So the Sioux from Pine Ridge kept right on with their illicit hunting trips. Late in October, 1903 they moved into Weston County once again. The people and the press again screamed their protests.

On Friday, October 23, Sheriff Miller deputized a small posse of nine men, and sent them, with warrants, to the country to the southwest of Newcastle to intercept the Indians and bring them in. Because of other business Miller himself could not go until the following day. The next day Billy Miller rode out and joined the posse.

They caught up with the Sioux—six bucks and six squaws—in the southern part of the county near Lance Creek, arrested them, and sent them back to Newcastle in custody of three of the deputies. Miller and his six remaining possemen rode on toward the Thunder Basin country where yet another band was reported to be killing game and livestock, some twenty-five miles east of Pumpkin Buttes. When they reached there they learned that the Indians had moved on farther south.

The posse trailed the Indians until the following Friday. On the Dry Fork of the Cheyenne they caught up with the Sioux. They were camped, with a dozen rickety wagons — twenty-three bucks, forty squaws and papooses all under the



Sheriff William H. Miller and his family are pictured in front of their living quarters at the Weston County, Wyo., jail in 1899, four years before he was killed by South Dakota Sioux who had come to Wyoming on an illegal hunting foray. Children in the foreground, left to right, are: Sidney, now of Midway City, Calif.; Mary, of Pacific Palisades, Calif. and widow of the author of this article; Helen, of Newcastle, Wyo., and Raymond, of Huntington Beach, Calif. Another daughter, Ruth, was born after this picture was taken. (Mary Richardson photo.)

leadership of Charley Smith and William Brown. Brown, also a half-breed, carried the name of his pale-face father.²

At noon, when the posse rode into the Indians' camp, the bucks were out hunting. Brown's squaw, who knew the sheriff and was friendly toward him, got dinner for the seven white men, and they ate.

About one o'clock Eagle Feather (Charley Smith) came riding into camp with an antelope slung across his saddle; an antelope still bleeding where its head had been cut off.

Miller read his warrant to Eagle Feather, who asked that the sheriff wait until Brown came in. Brown and his companions came loping in about three o'clock, yelling as they rode down over the hill. The little posse waited while the Indians pow-wow'd among themselves.

Eagle Feather swaggered over to the sheriff.

"We haven't killed antelope. Traded moccasins to shepherders for antelope," he said.

Of course the half-breed was lying, and Miller knew it. The dead antelope, still there on Eagle Feather's pony, with

the blood still dripping in the dust, told the story. But the white men were outnumbered more than three to one. The Indians were armed and apparently anxious for a scrap. Obviously, this was no time to start things.

"If that's true," Billy Miller said quietly, "then there's nothing our people in Newcastle can do to you. But I have a warrant for your arrest. I want you and your people to come in to Newcastle with us."

There was a quick metamorphosis and Eagle Feather, the Sioux Chieftain, became Charley Smith, the Carlisle alumnus.

"I know the law," he stated. "Know more about law than you do. My people will not go to Newcastle!"

Another quick change and he again became the blanketed Sioux chieftain. "If you want trouble, we give it!" Eagle Feather snarled.

Billy Miller remained calm. "We don't want any trouble," he said evenly. "I'm just here to do my duty as an officer."

Eagle Feather stalked away. His people started hitching up their teams. With squaws driving, the wagons began stringing out along the road, but not toward Newcastle. They were heading east. Miller spurred his horse up alongside Eagle Feather.

Miller said, "You're not going in the right direction. I want you to go north. To Newcastle."

"By God! I don't live in Newcastle! We're not going there!" The half-breed's voice was loud. He wanted his people to hear him, wanted them all to see that he was bigger than the white-man's law.

² Brown, as recently as 1956, was still living at Pine Ridge, and has been the source from which a current crop of Sunday feature writers have obtained many note-books full of information, most of it false, about the fight on Lightning Creek.

Miller rode over and talked to Brown, who seemed to be in joint command with Eagle Feather. Brown was friendly and said he would be willing to go to Newcastle if Eagle Feather agreed. Eagle Feather contemptuously refused. A young Indian reached down, picked up a handful of dust from the road, and threw it into the air. A squaw began a weird chant. Twenty-three armed Indians circled quickly and surrounded the seven white men. It was a tense moment. Any little nervous movement, like the twitching of a white trigger finger, could have set off a bloody massacre.

Billy Miller and his men kept their heads. Court testimony shows that by the exercise of calmness and cool-headed tact, Billy Miller was able to extricate his little group of men and move them away from danger.

Then he went after reinforcements.

Two men were ordered to stay on the trail of the moving Indians and join his enlarged posse the next day. Then Miller and his remaining four men rode to the Fiddleback ranch where they spent the night of October 30.

In the vicinity of Fiddleback the sheriff picked up and deputized six more men. Among them was Johnny Owens, former Weston County sheriff and a well known character among the frontier folks around Fort Laramie and Chugwater. Johnny had known and dealt with Indians and bandits and other rough customers for many a year.

The enlarged posse left the Fiddleback early Saturday morning. Around three o'clock in the afternoon they stopped at the Mills ranch to eat.

The two men who had been trailing the Indians came riding in fast and reported that the redskins were about a mile and a half away, moving right down toward the posse. The men saddled up quickly and started up the road to meet them.

Johnny Owens, the old-pro, riding up front with Billy Miller, saw the outfit

coming up over a rise. "There's your Indians, sheriff," he said.

The Indians spotted the posse about the same time, stopped and began to dismount. The posse took cover in the dry bed of Lightning Creek, just below the mouth of Walker Creek. This spot is in what is now Niobrara County, some fourteen miles northwest of the present oil town of Lance Creek.

Miller placed his men in protected spots behind the embankment, then repeated the instructions he had given them before on several occasions: "No shooting, men, unless it's absolutely necessary. No shooting at all 'til I give the word!"

He and Johnny Owens then climbed up the bank. Billy Miller held up his hand and called out to the Indians, telling them he was arresting them, and asking for their surrender. He repeated the command several times in a loud voice, then asked Owens to try. Miller's voice was giving out. Johnny Owens repeated the sheriff's demand.

Then, suddenly, above the sound of Owens' hoarse voice, came the crack of a rifle shot, fired by an Indian over to the left of Owens' and Miller's position. Billy Miller dropped with a bullet in his groin.

Posseman came boiling up over the dry embankment, rifles blazing. Up the creek several yards to Owens' right, Louis Falkenberg fell with a bullet through his neck. He died instantly.

Owens, busy with his own gun, hadn't noticed that Miller was down. One of the other men came over and told him. This man turned his own guns over to Owens and, with the help of others, carried the stricken sheriff to a nearby log-cabin. Owens kept blasting away at the assailants. Within four or five minutes—ten minutes at the most—the shooting was all over. The Indians turned and ran.

The white men went to the little cabin to try and help the wounded sheriff. He was bleeding badly, and despite all their efforts to stop the flow



Nine Sioux Indians involved in the Battle of Lightning Creek are pictured at their preliminary hearing for murder at Douglas, Wyo. Witnesses failed to make positive identification and no official action was ever taken against the Indians who killed Sheriff Miller and Louis Falkenberg. (Mary Richardson photo.)

of blood, Billy Miller died there within thirty minutes after the bullet hit him.³

The Indians, too, had had some casualties. Black Kettle, one of the more belligerent of the redskins, died in the first exchange of shots. He was thought to be the Indian who had fired the opening shot—the one that killed Sheriff Miller.⁴ Eagle Feather was downed with a shot through the legs. His “braves” scurried away, leaving him there to die in a pool of his own blood. The Indians suffered two other fatalities and a number of minor casualties. Examination of their abandoned wagons showed clearly that they had been killing both wild game and livestock.

Chief William Brown, who was presumed to be second in command, high-tailed it for Pine Ridge at the crack of

the first rifle shot, far outdistancing his erstwhile companions-in-arms. But almost exactly fifty-two years from that day when he had streaked away from the fight, old William, then nearing ninety, gave his version of the battle—which he hadn’t even seen—to a South Dakota Sunday-Supplement writer.

Casting himself in the role of a hero, old William told a horrendous yarn about innocent, honest, peace-loving Sioux on a journey searching for medicinal herbs and roots; how they were ambushed and slaughtered by a gang of drunken cowboys and blood-thirsty hostile ranchers. The writer lapped it up and had it published with William’s proudly posed picture.

³ The battle site was finally marked, in 1959, by a steel marked post near the tree where Sheriff Miller was shot. Inscribed with a chisel, a rock for the marker reads: “Sheriff Miller died here, Oct. 31, 1903. Killed by Indians.” Another rock was inscribed: “Indian died here, 1903,” and this was placed over an old Indian grave near the cabin to which the wounded Sheriff was carried.

⁴ The Black Kettle referred to here should not be confused with the Cheyenne chief, Black Kettle, whose lodges at Sand Creek, Colo. were ruthlessly attacked by Col. John M. Chivington and his troops on Nov. 19, 1864. From 500 to 600 Indians were slain at Sand Creek, but Black Kettle escaped, only to die four years later, Nov. 27, 1868, when his village on the frozen Washita River in Oklahoma was attacked by Lt. Col. George A. Custer’s Seventh Cavalry.

AMOS W. BARBER was acting Governor of Wyoming when vengeance-bound Sioux from South Dakota's Pine Ridge Agency went on the prowl across the Wyoming line, shooting game and generally frightening residents of small frontier towns along the Cheyenne and Belle Fourche rivers. The Indian unrest culminated in the Battle at Lightning Creek in 1903, recounted in this article. (U. of Wyo. photo)

When news of the fight on Lightning Creek reached Newcastle and Lusk and Douglas, posses were quickly organized and started out in pursuit of the fleeing Indians. Nine of them were caught at Edgemont, just across the line in South Dakota. They were taken to Douglas for arraignment on a charge of murder. Their preliminary hearing was set for Saturday, November 7, 1903.

United States District Attorney Burke from Cheyenne acted as defense counsel for the Indians; County Attorney Mecum of Douglas handled the prosecution. Eight members of the posse testified. Their testimony showed, despite close cross-examination by Mr. Burke, who was trying to prove that the sheriff was acting illegally, that Miller had carried a legal warrant, had read it to the Indians; that both Miller and Owens had called loudly and repeatedly for the Indians to surrender; and that no shots were fired by the posse until after the Indians had opened fire.

No witnesses were called by the defense.

Judge Daniels ruled that the evidence had not warranted the holding of any one of the prisoners because actual identification of the particular Indian or Indians who had fired the fatal shots could not be established.

The defense attorney pressed hard for the identification of the late lamented Black Kettle as the culprit, but only one of the eight witnesses could even hazard a guess on that point. He thought it could have been Black Kettle but he couldn't be sure. After all, the white men had been pretty busy that afternoon; there wasn't much time for looking around.

Examination of the transcript of the testimony seems to justify the judge's ruling. In a murder trial the prosecu-



tion would have had a difficult time singling out one or more guilty Indians from among the nine prisoners. To white men, all Indians looked alike.

The Indian Agent, who had come over to Douglas from Pine Ridge, was elated. He quickly hustled his charges back to the reservation before the Wyoming officials, thinking mostly about the effect of a long murder trial on the county's skimpy budget, remembered that they could have held the redskins for violating the state's game laws.

The bureaucrats at the Indian Bureau in Washington had a rough time after the fight on Lightning Creek. Wyoming folks were fighting mad and Wyoming's Congressional delegation gnawed away at bureaucratic necks, pointing out the mismanagement, incompetence, and maladministration at Pine Ridge.

The Commissioner of Indian Affairs rushed a Special Agent to Pine Ridge to investigate the Lightning Creek affair, and make a "report." This writer has read a copy of that report; read it in a yellowing product of the Government



After the death of Sitting Bull on Dec. 15, 1890, and the Wounded Knee tragedy 14 days later, life at Pine Ridge Agency in southwestern South Dakota settled down to sullen quiet. This picture was taken on a bleak and snowless day in January, 1891. Bitter Sioux from this agency, some of the younger ones Carlisle-educated, began hunting raids into neighboring Wyoming. Sheriff Billy Miller of Weston County, Wyo. was killed when he sought to stop one party at Lightning Creek on Oct. 31, 1903.

Printing Office labelled *U. S. Senate Document No. 128*, dated in January, 1904.

Despite its age, this so-called report gives off an odor that is unmistakable: the well-known smell of bureaucratic whitewash, mixed with the essence of pure buncombe.

The closely cross-examined testimony of the eight eye-witnesses was completely smothered in a printed mass of self-serving irrelevancies and palpable falsehoods, all aimed at covering up the incompetency within the Bureau of Indian Affairs. And, although it was intended to give information to the United States Senate, the report was so thoroughly muddled in its continuity and typographical arrangement, that it is doubtful if any Senator ever read it.

This sort of thing should not be surprising. The surprising part of it is that it got printed at all. In Colonel Henry B. Carrington's hassle with the Indian Bureau it took some twenty years to get his report about the Fetterman massacre resurrected from a mass of waste paper, deep in the basement of this same Bureau.

Billy Miller and Louis Falkenberg died at the Battle of Lightning Creek, the last blood-spilling fight between whites and Indians in the State of Wyoming.

They were taken to their homes, and buried. Their families and their communities mourned their passing. But the surviving families received no compensation from the United States Government—not even funeral expenses—for the death of these officers who had been murdered by the Great White Father's Indian wards.

An editorial writer for the *Laramie Republican* had this to say about the Battle of Lightning Creek:

The fight on Lightning Creek is one of the most important of its nature that has occurred in this state for twenty-five years . . . The Battle of Lightning Creek . . . will establish a principal. Hereafter the people of Wyoming will be respected in their right to maintain the authority of the game laws. The price is high but the Indians [too] have paid a heavy penalty.

The Sioux from the Pine Ridge Reservation never again invaded Wyoming. Perhaps Billy Miller and Louis Falkenberg did not die in vain.



Man With An Art Mission . . .

He Painted Characters of the Old West As They Really Were



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SUMMER 1960

53

The Story of Artist Lea Franklin McCarty and His Life-Size, Authentic Frontier Character Portrayals

by Vivian A. Paladin

"I PAINT FROM a general idea and let it unfold as I go. I find this exciting. The trail is there but I can't see clearly until I move along." So wrote Artist Lea Franklin McCarty of Santa Rosa, Calif., a few months before a fourth massive heart attack took his life last February. Lea McCarty was following his trail and it was beckoning him onward even when he knew that time might run out on him before he reached the end of his ambitious, unique, and historically important project: setting down on canvas, in living color and life-size, the likenesses of most of the famous and infamous characters of the Old West.

Few artists of this or any other era are so accepted in life that they are offered more paid commissions than they have time to complete. But that is the way it was with Lea F. McCarty. A little more than three years ago he embarked on his portrayals of individuals important in Western history, and he received almost immediate approval. He received acceptance, not only because he achieved spontaneity and eye appeal in his portraits, but because he was on sound historical footing. Every portrait in his total production of at least 100 major canvases, including many subjects never before portrayed through graphic processes, was the result of painstaking research.

The Historical Society of Montana, after months of co-operative research, correspondence and planning with Mr. McCarty before his death and since then through the splendid co-operation of his widow, is privileged throughout this Summer to show the 18 finished portraits of his ambitious *Immortals of the West* series on which he was working at the time of his death. The large 38x48 canvases now hang in the Contemporary Gallery on the main floor of the Historical Society's building in Helena and may be seen through September. On the following pages the 18 subjects are reproduced, together with biographical sketches on each.

Lea McCarty's many letters to the Historical Society reveal that he envisioned at least eight more portraits

for this series. He wrote: "I might say that my idea on these paintings was precisely this: A group of old west portraits which takes in the Old West (mountain men, etc.) and also the violent age of what is known as the Wild West. This seems to cover the subject pictorially as adequately as possible without every actual character involved, which would be an impossibility in one gallery. As it stands, too, I will be the first artist to paint such a series and it will be quite different from what has preceeded this work."

But the 18 portraits he was able to finish for the *Immortals* series accomplish what the artist had in mind. A large segment of Western history is depicted, and the biographical sketches reveal how the lives of these men and women, good and bad, had a way of interlacing. The trails of the great cattle barons, for example, crossed with those of the bad men and gunslingers, whose lives, in turn, were sometimes degraded by women like the mannish Calamity Jane and brightened by the sight of beauteous women like Lily Langtry.

All of these people had an impact on the West for good or ill, and many of them, like Old Bill Williams, have never been depicted before. The artist wanted very much to include in this group portraits of Nelson Story, the first man to drive longhorns from Texas to Montana (1866); George Armstrong Custer, who won his immortality at Montana's

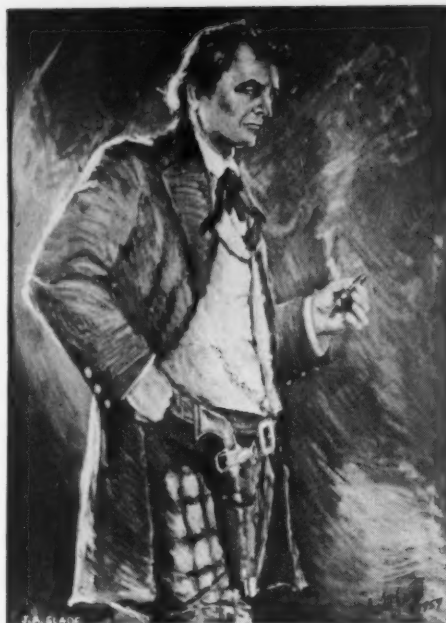
Little Big Horn; Liver-Eating Johnson who, the story goes, found that Crow Indians had killed his Indian wife and unborn child in 1847, vowed vengeance and killed, scalped and ate the livers of some 25 Crows; Joseph Glidden of barbed wire fame; Montana's beloved artist C. M. Russell; the skillful and deadly Geronimo; Mountain Man Bill Sublette, and the two-faced Henry Plummer, sheriff by day and robber by night at Montana's Virginia City. The latter portrait was planned for Senator and Mrs. Charles Bovey for whom he painted Joe Slade as the beginning of a series of six "Badmen of Montana" portraits.

Artist McCarty's heart, weakened by eight years of illness and three major attacks, gave out before he could complete his newest and most ambitious series. He did not have time, in fact, to place his bold signature on two in the series, the portraits of Actress Lily Langtry and Killer John Wesley Hardin.

Lea Franklin McCarty was born on April 9, 1905, the son of a Methodist minister who was also a Texan interested in history and lore of the West. His mother had been an art teacher in Chicago and she encouraged him to study art at the Chouinard School in Los Angeles and under several California artists.

But Lea McCarty was a many-sided man, once played in a jazz band, and worked in the advertising business before he gave himself over entirely to art. He acquired a reputation as a sculptor, and his statue of Jack London stands in Jack London Square in Oakland, Calif. A bust of Robert Louis Stevenson and a relief plaque of Wyatt Earp are in Tombstone, Arizona.

Lee McCarty hit his artistic stride when he decided to paint his first frontier portrait group, "The Western Gunfighters." He wanted to paint them as they were, not scrubbed, shaved and handsome as they appear on television and movies.



JOSEPH ALFRED (JACK) SLADE

This strange man, generous and charming when he was sober, was utterly destructive when he was drunk. His hanging at Virginia City, M. T. on March 9, 1864, was to bring calumny upon the heads of the Vigilantes.

Born at Carlisle, Ill. in 1829 of a highly respected family, Slade came to grief at the age of 13 when he killed an elderly man with a rock in a boyish prank. Sent to Texas by his family, he became a skilled freighter after he had served bravely in the Mexican War.

With the opening of the Overland Trail, Jack Slade began a long career as superintendent of the line. He was completely ruthless when anyone challenged his authority and he killed a considerable number of men, probably most of them with justification.

Transporting supplies between Kansas City and Julesburg, in eastern Colorado, Slade began quarreling with Jules Beni, a half breed who operated the stage station and trading post which had been named after him. One day, when he was on a drinking spree, Slade threatened to kill Jules. Forewarned, the French-Canadian was waiting with a shotgun and nearly cut Slade to pieces.

Convinced they were being bilked by Jules, the Overland company gave his job to Slade, whose lieutenants eventually captured and killed Jules and cut off his ears. Slade carried these grisly tokens until the day he was hung.

Eventually Slade's drinking got him in trouble and with his attractive and popular wife, Virginia, he came to Virginia City, where he prospered in freighting from the Missouri River to the booming gold camp on Alder Gulch. Again his drinking got out of all control, he repeatedly shot up the town and boldly flaunted the authority of the Vigilantes. He destroyed a writ served on him by the sheriff and even though he apologized for it on sobering up, the Vigilantes met and voted to hang him.

Pleading for his life, Slade asked that word be sent to his wife. Knowing they would be unable to withstand her pleadings, the Vigilantes executed the sobbing Slade on March 9, 1864. Because he was such a baffling mixture of good and bad and the fact of his criminal involvement was never proved, the hanging of Jack Slade is challenged to this day. This portrait was commissioned and is owned by Senator and Mrs. C. A. Bovey of Virginia City, Mont.

"I love these lusty characters," Lea said in an interview at the time he started his project. "The gunslinger was a swaggering egoist, a by-product of the Civil War. I like to paint these pistol-eering geniuses because they are real American history and they express, to me, more of us as a people than all the groovy jazz or belching industrial smoke and ticker tape. Basically, we are a people with guts who act quickly and with terrible finality when the chips are down."

The artist was surprised and gratified when his portraits found almost immediate acceptance.

Twenty-four of his Gunfighter portraits were shown at the Commercial Hotel in Elko, Nevada in August, 1959, and the hotel bought them for a flat \$22,000. The artist wrote at that time: "The Elko turn-out was huge, some 3,000 packed on the bottom floor of the hotel. I thought I'd have a heart attack again when that mike grinned at me with teeth in it, and the radio read off a chapter from my book *The Gunfighters* daily from Salt Lake City. The people of this historical town certainly go for the western scene and love their

heritage, a history written in blood and conflict, as we know."

Sets of 22 McCarty portraits were purchased for Southern California's Knott Berry Farm and Apple Valley Inn, bringing at least \$1,000 a portrait. Success like this was pleasing to Lea McCarty as it would be to any man. He wrote: "I am not going to say that I paint entirely for money because I don't. But metabolism is nil without that old ringing dollar and canvas is hard to chew with a set of bad teeth."

So great was the demand for some of his portrayals that the artist produced varying poses of such characters as Wyatt Earp, Doc Holliday, Jesse James, John Wesley Hardin, Billy the Kid, Shanghai Pierce, and Bat Masterson. And he went from one successful show to another. Late last year the Frontier Inn in San Francisco had a large showing that ended with another sale of portraits and a commission to do a second portrait of Pancho Villa. The original Pancho Villa had been stolen from the lobby of the Flamingo Hotel in Santa Rosa. In order that police wouldn't "think I stole my own painting," McCarty signed the back of the duplicate before it was finished.

JOHN H. (DOC) HOLLIDAY

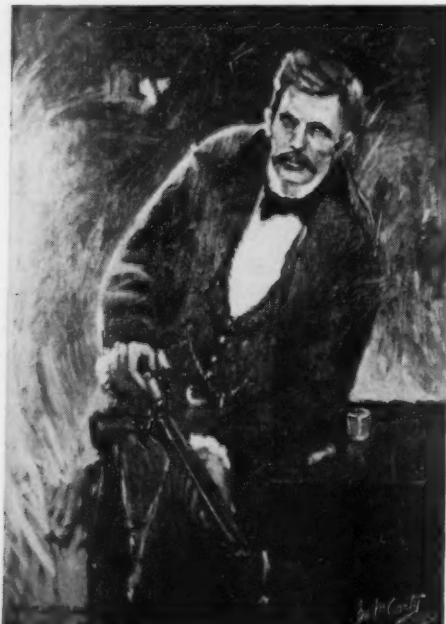
This consumptive little dentist, who cared more for the gaming table and the fast draw than he did for his profession, was a seasoned killer. His utter fearlessness was at least partially explained by his knowledge that he could not live long.

Holliday was born in Georgia in 1862, the son of a fiery Confederate Army major. Educated in dentistry in Baltimore, he wandered towards the Southwest when the family doctor gave him only four years to live because of advanced tuberculosis.

He practiced dentistry for a time in Dallas, Texas, but spent most of his time at the gambling table. He left Dallas after killing two gamblers who accused him of cheating. He became an almost continual drinker, consuming as much as four quarts of liquor a day. He also became a chronic killer, leaving dead men in Denver, Wyoming and Kansas.

Doc Holliday met Wyatt Earp at Fort Griffin. He saved the lawman's life, cementing a lifelong friendship to which Earp's brothers and many of his lieutenants objected. But he remained a loyal Earp supporter and was a big gun in the famed fight at OK Corral between the Earp and Clanton factions in 1881.

Although he seems to have deliberately flirted with death by gunfire, the pale and thin Holliday ended with a tubercular death at the age of 35 in 1887. Just before the end, he took a stiff drink of whisky and said, "This is funny."



Artist McCarty was pleased at the reception his work received in sophisticated San Francisco, last November. In a letter to Michael S. Kennedy, of the Montana Historical Society, dated November 18, he wrote: "The new Frontier Inn in San Francisco is going great guns and my Gunfighters well received by all. This surprised me no little bit as S.F. is so damned cosmopolitan. They think anything cowboyish corny and 'on the cob' as the beatniks say."

Late in 1959, the artist began envisioning his *Immortals* series. In a November 30 letter to Kennedy he listed 20 subjects: Captain Richard King, Jesse Chisholm, Charles Goodnight, Shanghai Pierce, John Slaughter, John Chisum, Kit Carson, Nelson Story, Jim Bridger, Bill Williams, General Custer, Bill Cody, Calamity Jane, Wild Bill Hickok, Wyatt Earp, Billy the Kid, Judge Roy Bean, Jesse James, Geronimo, Panchito Villa, and as he stated it: "perhaps a few women of repute."

He had finished the first seven, he said, and added: "If you study the above you will readily see as an historian that the appetite might trickle readily on such a delightful dish of characters. And they all tie in together in that amazing pattern which fellows like you see so readily. This seems to interlace our frontier history for a couple of decades or so—the start of a great nation on the western frontier."

"I thought I'd pepper it with a few of the titanic gunslinger breed of history's bastards, and thence to sundry characters who arise tall and noteworthy. As a matter of fact, this has germinated and set in my mind like the plasters of Rome."

"I thought I'd do Calamity Jane again. I'd like to do her in buckskin. Also, I'd like to do Buffalo Bill, not for anything outstanding in his pistol-eering cowardice, but a portrait of him years ago. I also have in mind Bill Williams, Kit Carson, Joseph Glidden (of

barbed wire fame), Bill Sublette (mountain man), Jim Bridger, Teddy Roosevelt (when in Montana), and a long string of names. Among the gunslinging breed I have selected both Doc Holliday and Wyatt Earp again, about five gunfighters in all, thence to a couple fancy and well-known female hellers, maybe Horace Greeley if the traffic will bear, and those who pushed West and stand out among the great, the last-comers who were the builders. This seems to me to paint a complete big picture. This series can always stand expansion beyond 22 canvases. All the lives of these greats, as you well know, have been written before. But never have they been painted in a series . . ."

And so it went. The Lora-Locke Hotel in Dodge City, Kansas purchased some of his work last year, and he had a wonderful time doing a canvas of Bill Tilghman, the famous Dodge City marshal. He wrote about this adventure in these words: "Mrs. Zoe A. Tilghman, the famous lawmen's second wife, helped on the portrait over the long distance telephone from Oklahoma City and with stacks of mail . . . She is well into her 90's but bright as a kitten over a piece of string, and damned smart with a non-senile brain."

The total production of Lea McCarty, at least 100 paintings in all, reads like a Hall of Fame, Western Rogues Gallery and frontier beauty parade all rolled into one. Recently his widow furnished us with as complete a list as she could find of the varied characters he portrayed, those done more than once—some probably several times, but always fresh and different—being indicated by asterisk:

The Daltons, the Clantons, Jim Cole and Bob Younger, Pearl Hart, Belle Starr, Cattle Annie and Little Britches, The OK Corral Gun Battle, *Bat Masterson, Luke Short, *Wyatt Earp, Joaquin Murrietta, Pauline Cushman, Wild Bill Hickok, *Doc Holliday, *Jesse James, *Billy the Kid, Pat Garrett, Black Bart, Judge Roy Bean, *John

Wesley Hardin, Clay Allison, Bill Longely, Ben Thompson, John Ringo, *Pancho Villa, *Calamity Jane, Dave Mather, Curley Bill Brocius, Old Man Clanton, Jim Courtright, King Fisher, Bill Tilghman, Jesse Chisholm, Julia Bulette, Lily Langtry, Joseph Slade, Jim Bridger, Ole Bill Williams, Kit Carson, Captain Richard King, Charles Goodnight, John S. Chisum, *Shanghai Pierce, John Slaughter, and Arthur King, who was Wyatt Earp's deputy in the 1900's and is still living.

Lea McCarty worked at an exciting pace. He wrote voluminous letters to authenticate subjects and to procure photographs and illustrations whenever possible from which to research and compare with reputable word descriptions. He talked on the long distance telephone and he traveled extensively. Whenever a new subject intrigued him, he searched the Santa Rosa area for a person of the same general build and height to use as a model for the body. Then, on the basis of his research, he painted in the face and head, bringing to life another vivid Western character.

Lea's wife knew he was working too hard but she couldn't slow him down. He was planning at least another book using his work as illustration and had just seen released *The Gunfighters*, an 8½x11 volume with plastic cover and containing 20 of his gunfighters together with pungent life sketches. In the few months since his death, his widow has been tireless in arranging art exhibits he had planned and marketing his book. This full-color and exciting book, published by Mike Roberts Color Productions of Berkeley, Calif., is available at the Historical Society.

Future generations will be aided by Lea McCarty's talent, vision and judgment in portraying for us the faces familiar in the Western frontier story. America should be grateful that this practical, down-to-earth and gifted man was granted enough time to illumine, on bold canvas, so wide a sweep of Western history, legend and lore.

A PORTFOLIO:

Beloved Guide and Mountain Man . . .



CHRISTOPHER (KIT) CARSON

Probably the best known of all Western scouts, Kit Carson was also an Indian fighter, soldier, farmer, and Indian agent. Although he was illiterate until he was past middle age, he made a really significant imprint on the history of the Southwest.

Born in Madison County, Kentucky, on Dec. 24, 1809, Carson was one of 10 children. When he was two years old, the family moved to Missouri and when he was only nine years old his father was killed in an accident.

Kit's mother apprenticed him to a saddler in nearby Franklin, Mo. in 1825, but after two years he ran away and joined a Santa Fe expedition and thus began his illustrious career as a guide. His first real test came in 1829 when he joined a party leaving Taos, crossing the Mohave Desert to California and returning after two years of trapping and exploring.

Carson guided John C. Fremont, the Pathfinder, in his first three expeditions and his reputation was secure. During the Civil War he helped organize the New Mexico Volunteers and served at the Battle of Valverde. He also participated in campaigns against the Apache, Navajo, Kiowa and Comanche Indians. In 1853 he was appointed Taos Indian Agent, and although he was able to read and write a little, his official reports had to be prepared by others. Still he served with distinction.

Although not a large man physically (he was about 5 feet 8 inches tall and never weighed more than 145 pounds) his exploits, courage and quiet good sense inspired Lieut. Edward F. Beale with whom he fought in the 1847 conquest of California to write: "As simple as a child, but brave as a lion, he soon took our hearts by storm and grew upon our regard all the while we were with him."

O: "IMMORTALS OF THE WEST"

A Ranch King and a
Fervent Outlaw . . .



CAPTAIN RICHARD KING

Founder of the fabulous King Ranch in southern Texas, this shrewd, ruthless but hospitable man was born in Orange County, N. Y., on July 10, 1825. He ran away from home at an early age and shipped aboard a steamship bound for Mobile, Ala. He attracted the attention of one of his employers, Captain Joe Holland, who sent him to school in Connecticut for eight months. This was all the formal education he ever had.

Returning to Mobile, King continued to work for Captain Holland, and served for a time in the Seminole War. In 1847 he was attracted to Texas by the Mexican War and served as a pilot on a steamer on the Rio Grande.

King became a close friend of Captain Mifflin Kenedy, with whom he became a partner in a steamship line on the Rio Grande. Between 1850 and the close of the Civil War, he and Kenedy built or purchased 22 vessels. During the war they exchanged cotton for supplies for the Confederacy.

In 1852, King purchased 75,000 acres known as the Santa Gertrudis ranch in Nueces County, southwest of Corpus Christi. Firm, bold and prompt in his decisions, King was virtual ruler of a vast territory. His enemies said he was unscrupulous in his methods, but even they gave him credit for open-handed generosity.

Before the northern markets were opened, King erected rendering plants on his ranch and shipped tallow and hides to market by water. Later thousands of his cattle were driven over the long trail to Kansas and the Northern ranges in Wyoming and Montana.

At the time of his death in 1885, King owned outright at least a half million acres of land and his King ranch was replacing the "iron horns" with improved breeds he had imported.



JESSE WOODSON JAMES

The symbol of outlawry but with a strong streak of religious fervor, Jesse Woodson James was born in Missouri in 1847. The father went to California in about 1851 and died soon after. The widow remarried but divorced her husband and in 1857 married Dr. Reuben Samuels, a farmer and physician.

Jesse and his brother, Alexander Franklin, who was three years older, were reared as farm boys and though trained in religion, received little education. The mother and stepfather were openly southern in their sympathies and during the Civil War their home was twice raided by Federal militia. Both Jesse and Frank became Confederate guerrillas under William Quantrill.

For a year after the war, while Jesse was recovering from a severe wound, the brothers were law-abiding enough. But in 1866, with Coleman Younger and others, they formed a band of brigands with Jesse as apparent leader. For more than 15 years, the notorious gang operated, at first specializing in bank robberies but later branching out into train hold-ups.

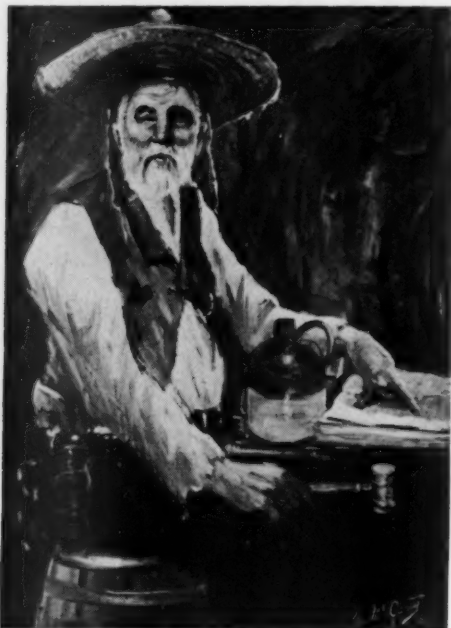
An attempted holdup of a Northfield, Minnesota, bank on Sept. 17, 1876, broke the gang up. Three of the eight bandits were killed and the rest, except Jesse and Frank, were captured. For more than three years, the brothers laid low but in 1879, with a new following, they robbed a train and in 1881 two more.

In the spring of 1882, Jesse, who was living in St. Joseph, Mo., under the name of Thomas Howard, was shot in the back of the head by Robert Ford, a member of his band. Six months later, Frank James surrendered, was twice brought to trial and acquitted. He lived on in apparent lawlessness.

Jesse James was of medium height, slender but solid built and with a bearded narrow face and prominent blue eyes. He was good-natured, even jocular, in his earlier years and always justified his outlawry on the grounds that he was driven to it by persecution. In 1868 he joined the Baptist church, and to the end of his life professed devotion to Christianity.

A reprobate "judge" who cheapened law and justice but

named a Texas town after a lovely lady who brightened the lives of lonely men . . .



JUDGE ROY BEAN

The folklore legends about Roy Bean, known as "the law west of the Pecos," have become as numerous and false as those about Calamity Jane. The truth is that Roy Bean was an unscrupulous reprobate and frontier con-man who lived by his wits but always on the ragged edge of poverty.

Roy Bean was born in a Kentucky cabin in the midst of fearful poverty during the 1840's. He spent some gay days in San Diego as a young man, living off the fortunes of his brother, Josh, who owned a saloon. Later Roy showed up at Mesilla, New Mexico, where another brother, Sam, had a saloon. He stayed long enough to clean out Sam's safe, pick out a good horse and saddle, and move on to San Antonio, Texas.

Bean spent his middle years in and around San Antonio, hi-jacking wood, appropriating portable property, building up a freight business of sorts, and a reputation as a nuisance. Run out of town, Bean went to end of track of the Southern Pacific with a tent and a supply of cheap whisky. The Texas Rangers were cleaning up the place and needed some semblance of a court of law. Roy Bean, appointed justice of the peace, generally pronounced sentences as the Rangers wished and for the first time and only time in his life he performed what might be described as a public service.

When this construction camp, known as Vinegaroon, was cleaned up, Bean moved down to a water-tank stop a few miles away, named it Langtry in honor of the beautiful actress Lily, whom he worshipped from afar, and indulged his ego. He ran a cheap saloon and dispensed "justice" with only two goals in mind—his own profit and his own publicity. From that day on, Judge Bean concentrated on his own legends, holding grotesque trials of petty criminals, mooching from the railroad, quarreling with his neighbors, and collecting clippings about himself. He once fined a corpse \$40 for carrying a concealed weapon, and freed a man charged with killing a Chinese because he could find no statute that forbade the murder of Chinamen. He died in his bed of heart trouble in 1903.

LILY LANGTRY

This glamorous English actress and dramatist made her imprint on Western history when the colorful old reprobate, Judge Roy Bean, became enamored of her from afar and named his little railroad tank town in Southwestern Texas after her. The village of Langtry, located on the Rio Grande a few miles from the Mexican border in Val Verde County, had a population of 51 people in 1940.

But beautiful Lily Langtry turned other heads, too, including that of the Prince of Wales. Known for her singular beauty combined with social grace, Miss Langtry was born on the Isle of Jersey in 1852. She was called Jersey Lily by Millais when he painted a portrait of her.

Married to Edward Langtry in 1874, Lily made her first stage appearance in "She Stoops to Conquer" at the Haymarket Theatre in England in 1881. She made several professional tours of the United States and she had great impact among the sensational audiences she drew in mining camps and cow towns of the wild and woolly West.

Miss Langtry made her first tour of the United States in 1882, playing to large audiences in New York and Boston. She returned to London in 1885 and leased her own theatre. Gaining public favor as well as acting skill, she returned triumphantly to America in 1886. It was then she toured the West, and so entranced was she with this country that she renounced her British allegiance and in 1897 she applied for United States citizenship in San Francisco. She died in 1929 at the age of 77.



And two of the greatest cowmen of the early, trail-building breed that the West would ever know appear among McCarty's "Immortals of the West" . . .

JESSE CHISHOLM

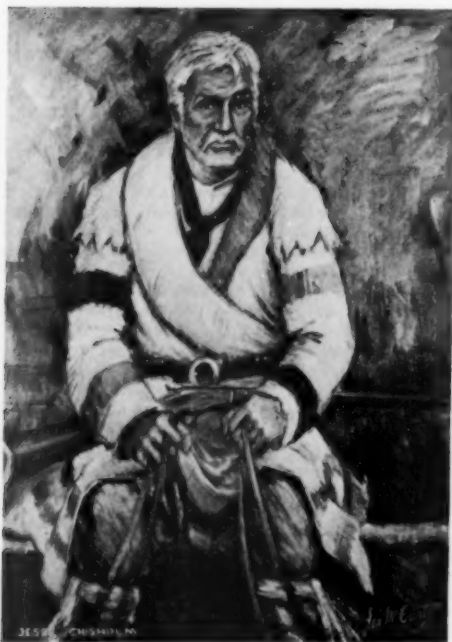
This able half-Cherokee, half-Scotch guide, scout, interpreter and trader was the man for whom the Chisholm Trail was named. He was born in Tennessee in about 1806 and migrated to the West while the Cherokees occupied lands in Arkansas.

Chisholm was one of the interpreters in the council held with the Wichita, Kiowa and Comanche tribes in the Red River country, and acted as mediator in most of the negotiations and treaties made between the government and the wild tribes of the Southern Plains.

White men came to know Chisholm as one who could be trusted, and the Indians called him "a man with a straight tongue." He became a trader among the Comanche, Kiowa and other tribes, and during the course of his trading expeditions he rescued nine captive children and youths, mostly Mexican, and adopted and raised them with his own children, at his home on the North Canadian River.

It was also his trading trips that saw him blaze trails, part of which became known as the Chisholm Trail. For years cattlemen followed his deeply rutted wagon trails from the Little Arkansas to the Washita River.

Chisholm, married to a halfbreed Creek woman, was a hospitable, though primitive man. Friends said he died of cholera morbus from eating bear's grease that had been poisoned by being melted in a brass kettle. His stone marker, giving the date of his death, March 4, 1868, also carries this legend: "No one left his home cold or hungry."



CHARLES GOODNIGHT

Recognized as one of the most representative cowmen of the early West, Charles Goodnight established his great JA Ranch in the Texas Panhandle in 1877 and was the man who crossed buffalo with Polled Angus cattle to produce the breed, Cattalo.

Born in Illinois in 1836, Goodnight moved to Texas with his family in 1846 and 10 years later became a cattleman, headquartering in Palo Pinto County in northwest Texas. A big craggy man, he was awkward on the ground, but at supreme ease in the saddle.

Goodnight became a scout and guide against the Indians and during the Civil War he joined the Frontier Regiment of the Texas Rangers, participating in many Indian fights. It is said that no frontiersman so thoroughly mastered the technique of open-country scouting.

In 1866 he located, on the Pecos River, the first Texas cattle ranch in southern New Mexico. Two years later he established a ranch on the Apishapa river in Colorado, and in 1870 located a permanent range on the Arkansas River, four miles from Pueblo.

With Oliver Loving, he laid out the famed Goodnight Cattle Trail from Belknap, Texas, to Fort Sumner, New Mexico, and in 1866 blazed an extension into Wyoming known as the Goodnight-Loving Trail. In 1875 he started the New Goodnight Trail from Alamogordo Creek, New Mexico, to Granada, Colorado. That year, reverses of the late panic and the over-stocking of ranges prompted him to trail back to Texas. With a herd of 1,600 head, he crossed 300 miles of wilderness and in 1876 settled in the Palo Duro Canyon in the Texas Panhandle, 250 miles from a railroad. The following year he blazed his last cattle trail, from the JA Ranch in the Panhandle, to Dodge City, Kansas.

When his first wife died in 1926, he married, at the age of 91, Corrine Goodnight of Butte, Montana, not related to him. A child of this marriage, his only child, did not survive. Goodnight died in 1929 at 93.

A tall, courageous, Mountain Man of great character . . .



OLD BILL WILLIAMS

Mountain man and trapper extraordinary, Bill Williams is another man whose exploits, character and even death have been overlaid with myth and legend. And this man seems to have had no youth, so common has the name "Old Bill" become.

William Sherley Williams was born in Rutherford County, North Carolina, on January 3, 1787. Many phases of the nation's growth are bound up in his lifetime, from the aftermath of the Revolution to the Louisiana Purchase and finally to the winning of California and complete Westward expansion.

When he was still a teen-ager, Bill Williams became imbued with religion and was an itinerant Baptist minister. Gradually he drifted from this calling, but he was long remembered for his fervor and the heat with which he called down hell upon the unrepentant. He spent the next 15 years of his life among the Osage Indians, hunting and trapping and moving Westward with them. In 1813, Williams took an Osage wife and gave up all efforts to convert the Indians; indeed, he became one of them and for years acted as an interpreter and trader among them.

Williams was 38 years old when he arrived in Santa Fe in 1825 and began his years as a mountain man, guide and trapper in the Southwest. Now devoid of all the trappings of white man civilization, he was tall, gaunt, red-headed, his face pitted with smallpox. His Osage wife had died and he had married a Ute squaw.

Bill Williams guided John C. Fremont on his fourth and disastrous expedition in the dead of the winter, 1848, and met his death in the bargain. The old trapper got lost in the LaGarita Mountains and painfully made his way back to Taos. Going back to try to find some of Fremont's frozen crew and their gear, Williams was set upon and killed by Southern Utes on the Upper Rio Grande in Southern Colorado on March 14, 1849. Most historians believe that the Utes mistook him for someone else. This painting is very important, because no photographs and few portraits are known to exist.

A buck-toothed juvenile delinquent with a terrible gun . . .



BILLY THE KID

Perhaps the most famous Southwest outlaw, this slightly built young man with protruding teeth rolled up a high score of killings before he was shot on July 15, 1881 at the age of only 22. William H. Bonney was born in New York City on November 23, 1859, but the family moved to Kansas when Billy was a small child. This explodes the often heard idea that Billy the Kid was a delinquent product of the streets of New York.

After the father died, the mother married a man named Antrim and the family moved to New Mexico. The boy had some schooling, but by the time he was 12 years old he had become a frequenter of saloons and gambling places. He is said to have killed his first man at this age—he stabbed a man who had insulted his mother.

The Kid's real career began in 1877, when he was employed by J. H. Tunstall, a cattleman, and participated in the famous Lincoln County cattle war in New Mexico. When his employer was killed by a posse of the Murphy faction, Billy led a gang in a series of savage cattle stealing forays, during which Sheriff James A. Brady and a deputy were killed. Asked to surrender, he refused and his former friend, John S. Chisum, induced Pat Garrett to accept the sheriff post.

Garrett vowed to break up Billy the Kid's gang, and in a fight at Fort Sumner on Christmas Eve, 1880, one of the band was killed and Billy and the rest captured. Convicted of Brady's murder and sentenced to hang, Billy managed to kill two deputies who guarded him. He was shackled arm and foot at the time. Two months later, Sheriff Garrett trapped him at the home of a friend in Fort Sumner and ended Billy the Kid's short and violent life.

Billy the Kid dressed roughly on the range, but was something of a dandy in town. He danced well, and was a favorite among women. But he was a cold-blooded killer who shot down his victims with small provocation and no remorse.

The good-bad bullwhacking buckskin- clad, mannish tart . . .



CALAMITY JANE

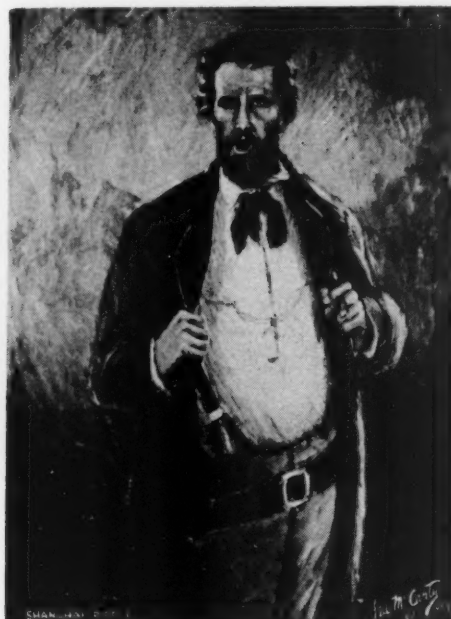
Calamity Jane, the "heart of gold" woman of easy virtue who for 15 years or more roamed the Dakotas, Colorado, Montana and Wyoming, has become a legend, and her actual importance to Western history has been greatly exaggerated. But her kindly deeds to the unfortunate, strangely mixed with outrageous moral behavior, have intrigued thousands who first read about her in pulp magazines before the turn of the Century.

Calamity Jane was born Martha Cannary in the late 1840's or early 1850's somewhere in the Midwest, and when she was still a young girl her family migrated to Virginia City, Montana Territory. Apparently the parents were worthless and deserted Martha and her younger brothers and sisters. Compelled to forage for herself, Martha early chose the easy path. She consorted with miners, railroad workers, and army men. She usually dressed as a man and was adept at such masculine pursuits as bull-whacking (she is depicted as a bull-whacker by Mr. McCarty), mining, shooting, and riding. Later in her life she operated small restaurants and saloons, and once a hurdy-gurdy house.

Along the way, Calamity Jane accumulated numerous "husbands" and was frequently on the police dockets for drunkenness and indecent behavior. But there are people still living who remember this strange woman for her kindness to those who were sick or destitute. It is said that she never turned a hungry person away from her restaurant, and that she nursed smallpox victims when no one else would enter the room. But these periods were always followed by a raucous drinking spree, and Calamity Jane usually sobered up in jail.

Years of rough living caused her decline and death at Deadwood, South Dakota, on August 1, 1903. She is buried there, in Mount Moriah Cemetery, beside Wild Bill Hickok as she requested, although her true relationship to him in life is not known.

And the ruthless New Englander who built a Texas empire . . .



ABEL H. (SHANGHAI) PIERCE

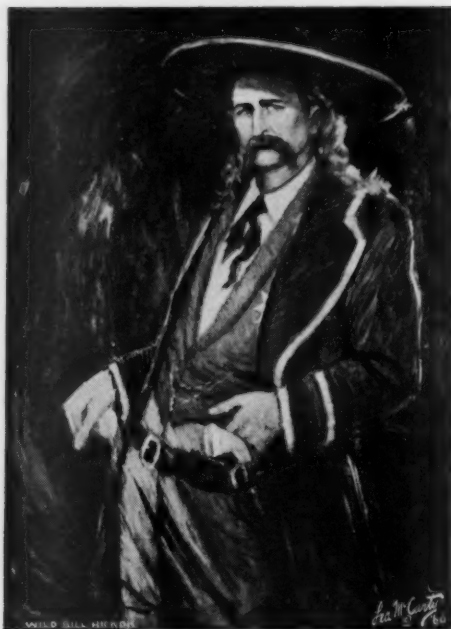
Big, rich and ruthless in the Texas frontier tradition, Abel H. Pierce was born in Rhode Island in 1834. He often said he had to leave his native state because he dared not lay down for fear his head would be in somebody's lap in Massachusetts, and his feet bothering somebody in Connecticut.

While still a boy he went to live with an uncle in Virginia, but "doses of sanctimony" were too much for him there, and he landed at Port Lavaca on the Texas coast in 1853, when he was 19. Almost immediately he picked up his nickname because he "looked like a long-legged, long-necked Shanghai rooster." Pierce was already 6 feet, 4 inches tall, and had a voice "too loud for indoor use."

"Shanghai's" over-riding ambition was to be rich, and he wasted no time in accomplishing it, carrying a Winchester for anybody who tried to interfere and becoming involved in numerous lawsuits. He first hired out as a cowman at \$200 a year, taking his pay in cattle. And he learned about mavericks. "I got my start," he admitted later, "on the back of a mustang with an unbranded calf on the end of my rope."

"Shanghai" Pierce ranged far and wide buying up cattle with his faithful servant, Neptune, riding a mule carrying bags of gold to effect the sales. With a partner, James D. Reed, he bought up 7,000 head of cattle during the panic of 1873. Thus his empire grew. "I'm scioned in ranching," he boasted. "I'm Webster on cattle, by God, and the best cowman in Texas. I own all the country and everybody that wants to stay around has to do as I do."

He was a millionaire at the time of his death in 1900, and he had already commissioned a statue "higher than any Confederate general, big enough to be buried under" on his estate facing Matagorda Bay in Texas. As Shanghai Pierce had wished it, people look at the statue and say, "There stands Old Pierce."



JAMES BUTLER (WILD BILL) HICKOK

Soldier, scout, and United States marshal, James Butler Hickok was born in Illinois on May 27, 1837. He went to Leavenworth, Kansas as a hard-working and peaceable boy of 18. His first law enforcement job came a year later when he was elected constable of Monticello Township, Kansas. Later he was employed as a driver for a Santa Fe Trail stage. It was at this time that he was attacked in the Raton Pass by a cinnamon bear, which he killed with a Bowie knife. But Hickok was so horribly injured that it was feared he would not live. He recovered and transferred as a driver for the Overland Stage on the Oregon Trail.

At Rock Creek Station, Nebraska, on July 12, 1861, Hickok had his famous battle with the McCanles Gang, in which he killed McCanles and two of his men. His reputation as a gunman, on the side of the law, was established.

During the Civil War, Hickok served as a Union scout and spy and after the war, in 1866, he was appointed deputy U. S. Marshal at Fort Riley, Kansas. He was an efficient officer, and on this frontier he also served as scout for Generals Hancock, Sheridan and Custer.

Hickok became marshal of Hayes City, Kansas, in 1869. He killed a number of outlaws and once when he was attacked by three men at once, he killed them all.

His best known law job began in 1871 when he was appointed marshal of notorious Abilene, the shipping point for Texas cattle. The Texas drivers were mainly just exuberant, but many of them were truly outlaw. Hickok kept order.

Wild Bill toured the East with Buffalo Bill Cody in 1872 and 1873, afterward going to Deadwood, Dakota Territory, where he was murdered by Jack McCall on August 2, 1876. He is buried at Mt. Moriah Cemetery in Deadwood, and 27 years later the notorious Calamity Jane, at her request, was buried next to him. It has been reported that these two were married or were lovers, but Hickok fans doubt it, claiming that although both participated in Wild West shows and came to Deadwood together just before Hickok's death in 1876, Hickok was too dignified a man to have become seriously involved with Calamity Jane.

Irrepressible, glamorous "Wild Bill"; the hero of generations of school kids, and a quiet but tough cowman-turned-lawman...



JOHN SLAUGHTER

This Texas-bred cowman, rancher, ex-Confederate soldier, Indian fighter and sheriff was born in Louisiana on October 2, 1841. He is famed as founder of the great San Bernadino Ranch near Douglas, Arizona on the Mexican border, and as "the fearless Sheriff of Cochise County" in Arizona.

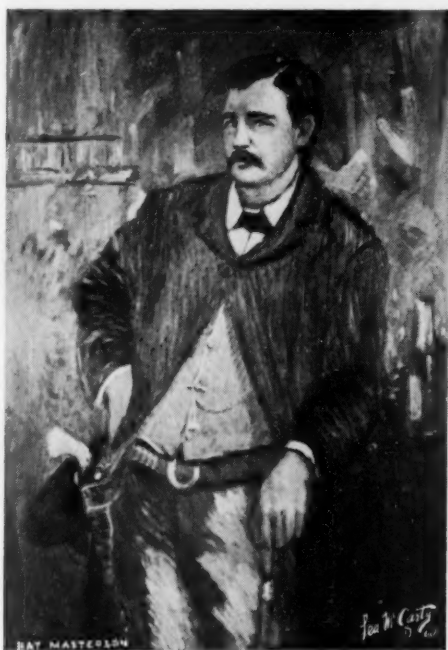
Slaughter grew up on the vast ranges of Texas and had begun trailing herds to Kansas during the post-Civil War boom. He watched his opportunities and began to supply Arizona with Mexican beef. In 1879 he left the Texas Panhandle and took his cattle over the long trail to Arizona, establishing a ranch in the San Pedro Valley, in the heart of the Apache country.

Without ever posing as a gunfighter, this small man with a brown, impassive face was no one to fool with, and other cattlemen, outlaws and Indians came to know this very well. He went his way buying and selling cattle, killing men efficiently when ever it was necessary.

After the era of Wyatt Earp in Tombstone had disintegrated into a blood bath between the rival Earp and Clanton factions, the people of Cochise County prevailed upon Slaughter to become sheriff. He did so at personal cost, and without fanfare he brought law and order out of chaos.

After his retirement, Slaughter built up the great San Bernadino Ranch, entertaining the great and small with open-handed hospitality. He died in 1922, the boss up to the end of a 100,000 acre spread.

And two of the most publicized Westerners, the dandy "Bat" Masterson and enigmatic lawman-gunman Wyatt Earp . . .



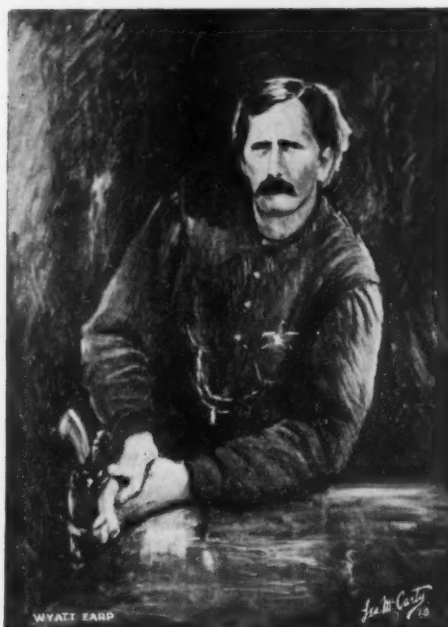
WILLIAM BARCLAY (BAT) MASTERSON

Although he always dressed as a dandy, "Bat" Masterson was respected as one of the most efficient frontier lawmen. Later in life he became a well known sports writer for the New York "Morning Telegraph," but he is remembered best as the well-dressed and feared marshal of Dodge City, Kansas and Tombstone, Arizona.

Born in Illinois on November 24, 1853, William Barclay Masterson moved with his family to Kansas in 1871. The next fall he and his older brother, Edward, joined a party of buffalo hunters which set out for Dodge City. Two years later he was again with a party of buffalo hunters, and on June 27, 1874, in the desperate battle with Indians at Adobe Walls, won distinction for coolness and bravery.

For a time, "Bat" served as a scout for General Nelson Miles, and in the spring of 1876 became deputy marshal of Dodge City. In November, 1877, he was elected sheriff of Ford County, Kansas. Defeated for reelection, he went to Tombstone, Arizona in 1881 where he worked with Wyatt Earp, Bill Tilghman, Ed Masterson and others in maintaining a tight rein on that lawless and wide-open town.

"Bat" Masterson settled in Denver in 1885, married, and made his living as a gambler. He became deeply interested in athletics, especially boxing, and in May, 1902, moved to New York where he became a sports writer. He died suddenly on October 27, 1921, while he was working at the sports desk at the "Morning Telegraph."



WYATT BERRY STAPP EARP

This famous lawmen is another whose life has been the subject of varying historical reaction. There is no doubt that he led a charmed and exciting life and was a thoroughly efficient gun fighter. A. M. King, a former Earp deputy, worked closely with Artist McCarty in the creation of this and several other poses of Wyatt Earp, and he remembers him as a brave man, second to none as an efficient law officer.

Member of a family which had participated in wars from the Colonial period through the Mexican War, Wyatt Earp was born in Illinois on March 19, 1849, one of six brothers. The family settled in California's San Bernardino County in 1864 after the father and three sons fought in the Civil War.

Wyatt became handy with guns at a very early age, and in 1870 accepted a contract as a hunter for government surveyors in the Indian Territory. The next year he met Bat Masterson, Bill Tilghman and others with whom he formed lifelong friendships and association in law enforcement.

Between brief buffalo hunting periods, Earp became successively a law officer in Abilene, Wichita, and finally Dodge City, in 1875. Lured to Deadwood, Dakota Territory by the gold rush in September, 1876, he was back in Dodge City again the next summer and employed Masterson and Tilghman as deputies.

In 1879, Earp became deputy marshal and later U. S. deputy marshal at Tombstone in Cochise County, Arizona. Here he was aided by his brothers, Morgan and Virgil, as well as Bat Masterson and the colorful Doc Holliday.

The turbulent history of Tombstone reached its height with the Earp-Clanton feud. The Clantons and McLowerys, a group of cowboys, became enraged when Doc Holliday was accused of holding up a stage and killing Bud Philpot, a member of the Clanton-McLowery group. The climax came with a gun fight at the OK Corral in 1881, resulting in killings on both sides.

Wyatt Earp left embattled Tombstone in 1882 after John Slaughter took over as sheriff and restored order. Earp made his living at gambling, and also did some prospecting and mining. He lived to be 81 years old, dying in Los Angeles in 1929.

McCarty also gave to posterity the likenesses of many other frontier types including a cattle king . . .

JOHN SIMPSON CHISUM

Once known as "the Cattle King of America," John Simpson Chisum was born in Tennessee on August 15, 1824. The family moved to Texas in 1837, and John began working hard for a living at an early age. He became a contractor, and built the first courthouse in Paris, Texas. For eight years he was county clerk of Lamar County, Texas.

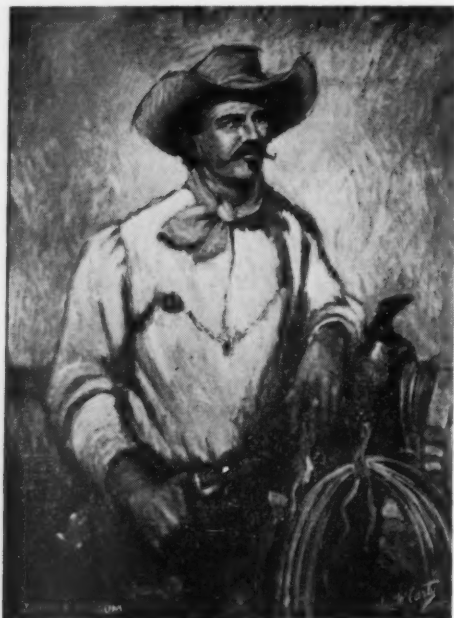
In 1854, with a partner, he started in the cattle business in Lamar County, and three years later moved his operations to Denton County, where he remained until 1863. In that year he drove a herd of 10,000 head into Concho County, where he operated with a number of other men on shares. He was one of the first Texas cattlemen to shift operations to the New Mexico ranges.

In the Fall of 1866, Chisum drove a herd up the Pecos to Bosque Grande, and sold it to government contractors for the Navajo and Mescalero Apache reservations. He then joined with Charles Goodnight and for three years they continued to drive large numbers of cattle from Texas to Bosque Grande.

In 1873, where Chisum established a new home ranch at South Spring, he became the largest individual cattle owner in the United States, and possibly the world. He owned from 60,000 to 100,000 head of cattle at the peak of his prosperity.

Chisum played a prominent role in the Lincoln County cattle war of 1878-79, and it was even said that he hired Billy the Kid for \$500 to participate on his side. But the evolution of Billy the Kid into a cattle thief and killer brought Chisum to the forefront of a movement to stop lawlessness in New Mexico.

Affectionately known as "Uncle John" in his later years, Chisum never married. He died at Eureka Springs, Arkansas, on December 23, 1884.



The cold-blooded killer son of a minister . . .



JOHN WESLEY HARDIN

One of the most notorious and cold-blooded killers the Southwest ever produced, John Wesley Hardin was born in 1852, the son of a Methodist minister who named him after the great John Wesley. He was not to live up to his noble name and before he was 17 years old, Hardin had nearly 20 notches in his belt. Eventually he was to boast 40 gun killings.

In 1871 Hardin came up the Chisholm Trail with a price on his head, trailing 1,200 head of cattle from Southern Texas. On arriving in Abilene, he encountered Wild Bill Hickok who had a tight rein on the town as marshal. Hardin ignored Hickok's rule against carrying firearms, and one day, with two six-shooters in his belt, Wes was rolling at tenpins in a saloon when Wild Bill walked in. When Hickok ordered the young gunman to take off his guns and he refused, the crowd began getting out of the way. But neither man cared to risk a gun duel, compromised their differences and went to the bar for a drink.

It was also in Abilene that Hardin met Ben Thompson and Bill Longely, and they became a trio of killers whose record of cold killings has never been equalled. Hardin was arrested innumerable times, but his youthful appearance and ingratiating manner got him off time and again. Other times he audaciously escaped.

In October, 1878, he was sentenced to 25 years for killing Charley Webb, deputy sheriff of Brown County, Texas. He escaped before he could be jailed and spent considerable time in New Orleans and Florida. He was recaptured by the Texas Rangers and served 16 years of his sentence. During his prison term he studied law, and upon his release, at the age of 42, he set up a law practice in Gonzales. When he got into trouble there he moved to El Paso. He had become a heavy drinker and was quarrelsome, a braggard and cheat. He was killed by Constable John Selman of El Paso in August, 1895.

And one of the most able,
lovable frontiersmen . . .



JIM BRIDGER

Montana has a particular affection for Jim Bridger, fur trader, frontiersman, and scout. With the exception of a few Mormon contemporaries, every one of the scores of pioneers, army men, explorers and sportsmen with whom he came in contact lauded this illiterate but intelligent man.

James Bridger was born in Richmond, Virginia, on March 17, 1804. He moved to the vicinity of St. Louis with his parents in about 1812. Orphaned at 13, he was apprenticed to a blacksmith. But in 1822 he was lured to the West with a fur-trapping venture of William Ashley, and began a career which was to make him more familiar with the vast area between the Canadian boundary and the southern line of Colorado and from the Missouri River westward to Idaho and Utah than any other man of his time.

During the next 20 years, either as an employee of, or a partner in, various fur companies, he repeatedly traversed this territory. After the decline of the fur trade, Bridger established a way-station, Fort Bridger, on the Oregon Trail in southwestern Wyoming, in 1843. All the notable figures in the western movement—Wyeth, Bonneville, Whitman, Parker, DeSmet, Fremont, Brigham Young, and others—recorded their indebtedness to him for reliable information about the country and for hospitality at Fort Bridger.

To obtain a monopoly of the emigrant business, the Mormons drove him from his holdings in 1853. Retiring for a time to a farm near Kansas City, he entered government service as a scout. In 1857-58 he guided Johnston's army in the Mormon War. In 1859-60 he accompanied the Reynolds Expedition into the Yellowstone, and in 1861 he guided the Berthoud engineering party in an attempt to find a direct route from Denver to Salt Lake.

In 1865 and 1866 he acted as guide for the Powder River expeditions and measured the distances on the Bozeman Trail from Fort Kearny, Nebraska to Virginia City, Montana, a distance of 967 miles. Bridger retired to his home near Kansas City in 1868 and died, July 17, 1881.



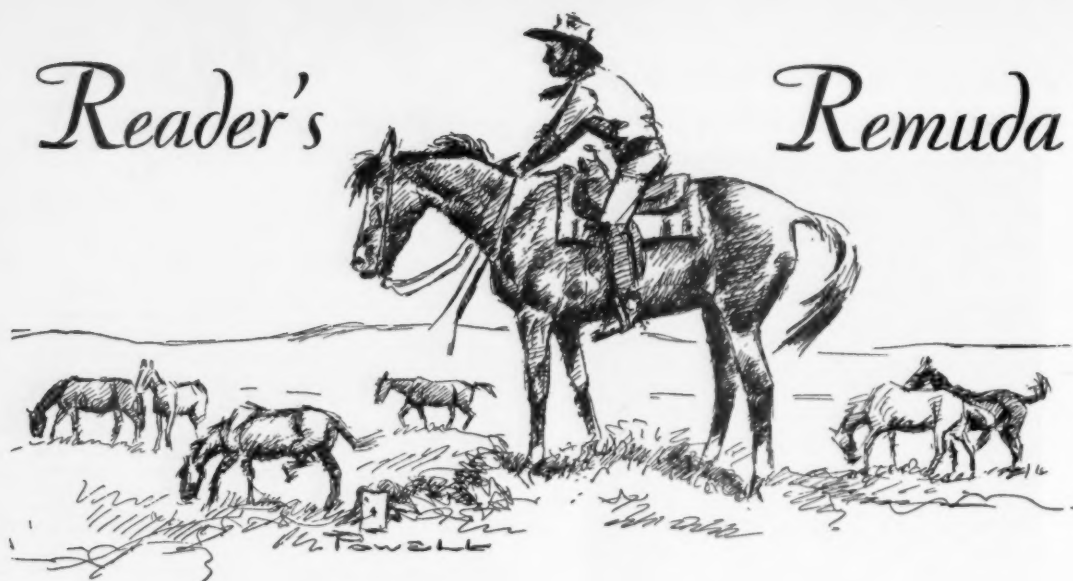
RECENT BOOK ACQUISITIONS Historical Society Library

As a new service to our readers, we will publish, from time to time, a list of books and research material recently received and catalogued in the Historical Society Library. These are not for sale by the library, but in many cases are available at bookstores or from the sale department of the Society.

- Adams, Ramon Frederick. *The Rampaging Herd; a Bibliography of Books and Pamphlets on Men and Events in the Cattle Industry.* (U. of Oklahoma Press, Norman, 1959). 463 pp., facsimis. \$15.00.
- Atwater, Montgomery Meigs. *The Ski Lodge Mystery.* (Random House, N. Y., 1959). 184 pp. ill. \$2.95. (juvenile).
- Beal, Merrill D. *History of Idaho.* Merle W. Wells, co-author. (Lewis Historical Publishing Co., N. Y., 1959). 3 volumes, ill. \$65.00 set.
- Breuchaud, Irene Gibbs. *Memoirs of Montana, 1882.* (Privately printed, N. Y., 1958). 84 pp. ill.
- Decker, Peter. *Beyond a Big Mountain.* (Hastings House, N. Y., 1959). 278 pp. \$3.95.
- Hafen, LeRoy R. *Handcarts to Zion; the Story of a Unique Western Migration, 1856-1860.* Ann W. Hafen, co-author. (The Arthur H. Clark Co., Glendale, Calif., 1960). 328 pp. ill. \$9.50.
- Henry, Will (pseud.) *From Where the Sun Now Stands.* (Random House, N. Y., 1960). 279 pp. map. \$3.95.
- Kosanke, Martha. *Indian Romances of the Western Frontier.* (Exposition Press, N. Y., 1954). 205 pp. ill. \$3.50. (juvenile).
- McCourt, Edward Alexander. *Revolt in the West; the Story of the Riel Rebellion.* (Martin's Press, N. Y., 1958). 159 pp. ill. \$2.75.
- MacEwan, Grant. *Fifty Mighty Men.* (Modern Press, Saskatoon, Sask., 1958). 342 pp. \$4.00.
- McKown, Robin. *Painter of the Wild West; Frederic Remington.* (Julian Messner, N. Y., 1959). 192 pp. \$2.95.
- Masson, L. R. *Les Bourgeois de La Compagnie du Nord-Ouest.* (Antiquarian press, N. Y., reprint 1960). 2 volumes. \$35.00.
- Miller, James Knox Polk. *The Road to Virginia City; the diary of . . .* edited by Andrew F. Rolle. (U. of Oklahoma Press, Norman, 1960). 143 pp. ill. \$3.75.
- Morgan, Lewis Henry. *The Indian Journals, 1859-62,* edited by Leslie A. White. (U. of Michigan Press, Ann Arbor, 1959). 229 pp. ill. \$17.50.
- Mulloy, William. *A Preliminary Historical Outline for the Northwestern Plains.* Snodgrass, Richard M. *The Skeletal Remains from Pictograph and Ghost Caves, Montana.* (U. of Wyoming publications, volume 22, nos. 1 and 2, U. of Wyoming, Laramie, 1958). 254 pp. ill. \$5.00.
- Place, Marian. *Fast-draw Tilghman.* (Julian Messner, N. Y., 1959). 191 pp. \$2.95. (juvenile).
- Pritchard, James A. *Overland Diary . . . from Kentucky to California in 1849.* edited by Dale L. Morgan. (The Old West Publishing Co., Denver, 1959). 221 pp. ill. \$15.00.
- Scherf, Margaret. *Never Turn Your Back.* (Doubleday, N. Y., 1959). 191 pp. \$2.95.
- Terrett, Courtenay. *The White Cheyenne.* (Dodd, Mead, N. Y., 1949). 311 pp. (out of print).
- Wheat, Carl Irving. *Mapping the transmississippi West, 1540-1851.* (Institute of Cartography, San Francisco, 1957--). volumes 1-3. \$60.00.

Reader's

Remuda



A Roundup of the new western books

Edited by Robert G. Athearn

"A FITTING DEATH FOR BILLY THE KID," by Ramon F. Adams. (U. of Oklahoma Press, Norman, 1960. 310 pp., \$4.95). Our review is by David H. Stratton of the history faculty at Baylor University, Waco, Texas.

This mysterious title means that the author has attempted to slay the dragon of Billy the Kid's posthumous reputation, embellished as it is by more than seventy-five years of falsehoods, with the sword of truth. This act, Mr. Adams hopes, will provide a "fitting death" for the young New Mexico outlaw who supposedly killed "twenty-one men, not counting Indians" (one of the falsehoods, incidentally).

Actually this work is a bibliographical study of the literature concerning the Kid. The extensive sources of information evaluated include dime novels, newspapers, magazines, the reminiscences of old-timers, and biographies, both full-length and the shorter paperbacks. Long quotations are often given.

In his difficult task of separating fact from legend, Mr. Adams establishes what he believes to be the truth. Then, one by one, he measures the veracity of the other accounts against this standard, a procedure which leads to much clucking of his literary tongue. The outstanding mistakes and falsehoods have been the exaggeration or

distortion of fact and outright fabrication, the unquestioning acceptance of the wildest tales when several more plausible versions were known, the abysmal ignorance of cowboy attire and customs, and the misspellings of proper names. Although the adherents of the two principal mythmakers, Ash Upson (who "ghosted" for Sheriff Pat Garrett) and Walter Noble Burns, have been legion, Mr. Adams thinks that the few new books being written about the Kid today are getting closer to the truth.

This book, it should be made clear, is much more than a mechanical recitation of bibliographical listings. The author frequently inserts his own conclusions, which are the result of many years of reading and research. For instance, he attempts to emphasize in several places the correct version of the origins of the so-called Lincoln County War, the controversy which catapulted the Kid to notoriety. It was neither a struggle between the large cattle barons and the small cattlemen nor between cattlemen and sheepmen. Political and economic contention between the Murphy-Dolan faction (backed by the territorial "Santa Fe Ring") and the Chisum-McSween (and Tunstall) element was the main cause of the violence.

The most crushing blow to the Kid legend itself is the destruction of the myth that he killed "twenty-one men, not counting Indians," a man for every year of his

short life. Almost every writer on the subject has been guilty of repeating this error in vital statistics. Only six killings, and possibly as few as four, can be credited to the Kid for sure, and in only three instances did the adversaries have what even approximated a fair chance.

Every Billy the Kid fan will find this book indispensable and will want to have it on a nearby bookshelf. But with this recommendation goes this reviewer's plea to the author and to the readers of his book that they mend their ways and start spending their time on the many other New Mexicans who are more worthy of attention and more important to the history of the West—say, Bishop Josephy B. Lamy, Eugene Manlove Rhodes, Bronson Cutting, or Albert B. Fall.

* * *

"HIGH COUNTRY EMPIRE," by Robert G. Athearn. (McGraw-Hill, New York, 1960. viii, plus 358 pp., 26 ill., \$6.95.) Reviewing this newest product from the pen of our book review editor is Marshall Sprague of Colorado Springs, whose erudite and humor-touched writings have appeared in *American Heritage* and other publications and whose fine book *Massacre: The Tragedy at White River* was published in 1957.

To tell the truth, I have been bored with Western history of late—the bales of picture books and the retakes of tired old standbys from Custer to Calamity Jane. Now, really, do you think Narcissa Whitman was as glamorous as everybody likes to make out? Anyhow, I have been grumbly and all at once here is this meat-axe of a book—almost two pounds of it—by this magazine's Book Review Editor, Robert Athearn. Naturally I can't pan Bob's brainchild in his own Reader's Remuda and thank goodness I don't have to. It is fine! It is a superb job of historical-economical orientation over a large hunk of the earth's hide which I am very glad to have oriented for me.

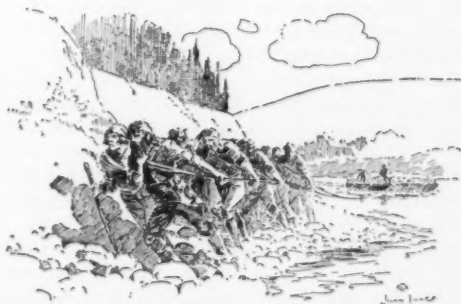
Seven states, no less—the whole bloomin' Missouri drainage and more. Some 700,000 square miles of mountain and plain. Nine hundred miles of it from St. Joe to Alder Gulch and the same distance from Bent's Fort north to the Whoop-Up Trail. First a little about Eighteenth Century Spanish and French and then Thomas Jefferson and Pike and the Astorians and the prophet

Wislizenus and the fur trade and Joe Meek's Oregonians and a neat sketch on how we reamed the poor benighted Indians out of their whole beloved world.

The enormous story pounds on like a long freight booming down from the top of Marias Pass—the great gold catalyst to settlement, the cow and rail kingdoms, the sod busters and the big western Populist revolt of 1890s. Bob Athearn can't seem to leave anything out. Before he stops he has had interesting things to say about Owen Wister, cat cargoes for Denver, the recurring Dust Bowl, Montana's recent oil boom, and that "shameless, loveless, shotgun wedding," the Pick-Sloan projects for reforming the Missouri Basin.

And Dr. Athearn can be most amusing. That story, for instance, of the Englishman who underestimated western distance to his sorrow, time after time. He resolved not to be fooled again. At a three-foot creek, he was asked what he was up to as he posed on the bank in diving position. "I'm going to swim that damned river!" he said.

Until something better comes along—and it will probably be a long, long time—this is the definitive single history volume on this region of the high plains and Rockies, which Dr. Athearn labels so aptly "High Country Empire." It is not only keenly analytical, and brilliantly integrated but it is that rare jewel, a scholarly work that is also a literary gem. No wonder that one of the most discerning of all major publishing houses, McGraw-Hill, now venturing into Americana, are advertising it: "A brilliant treatment of a neglected aspect of American history, which will impress scholars with its authenticity, yet also appeal to general readers because of its lively style, its humor and dramatic vigor." After a great deal of prospecting with his earlier, but unheralded books, Dr. Athearn's prodigious prospecting has led him to the mother lode!





"CALAMITY WAS THE NAME," by Glenn Clairmonte. (Sage Books, Denver, 1959. 215 pp., \$3.75.) Our reviewer is Roberta Beed Sollid of San Diego, Calif., author of *Calamity Jane: A Study in Historical Criticism*, published in 1958 by the Historical Society of Montana's Western Press.

On the dust cover of this book we read that the author, Mrs. Clairmonte, "is known to her friends as 'the darning needle' because of the care she puts into her research." However, "the darning needle" dropped its first stitch on page one and had failed to pick it up by the time it reached the last page, fifteen chapters later. There is more misinformation found here per square page than in most western fiction novels dealing with the much publicized Calamity Jane, a well-meaning but good-for-nothing frontierswoman.

This fast moving story, elaborately woven around many oft-repeated myths and folk tales about Calamity Jane, gets its real zest from a full coverage treatment of three additional, not so well-known, sources: 1. a marriage license (which has long been proved a forgery) supposedly uniting James Butler (Wild Bill) Hickok and Calamity; 2. an alleged diary (which contains so much that is contradictory with known facts that it may be completely discredited) of Calamity covering a twenty-five year period, carrying a story of a daughter, Janey Hickok; and 3. several letters (which are fantasy) exchanged between Calamity and Jim O'Neil who had adopted Janey.

From all this "documentary evidence" evolves the incredible story that Calamity was secretly married for several years to Wild Bill who deserted her at the birth of their daughter, Janey. After Janey's adoption Calamity's life fell apart. Those two tragedies, the loss of both Janey and Bill, caused Calamity to continue her life of erratic behavior and drunken episodes.

Mrs. Clairmonte's style of writing is not biographical reporting but story telling. On nearly every page she fabricates conversation and injects Calamity's thoughts in sentences that have no place in a book which reports facts. The author as an "embroidery needle" would be more like it. She is extremely adept at taking small well-known items and, by embroidering them with colorful conversations and situations, develops pages of pure fiction.

The book is a well-written and entertaining piece of historical fiction with Calamity Jane as the leading figure. There is a suspicion in the mind of the reviewer that that is all the book's author originally intended. Then it was put on the market as an authentic biography—which it is not!

* * *

"THE COWBOY READER," edited by Lon Tinkle and Allen Maxwell. (Longmans, Green and Co., N. Y., 1959. 307 pp., \$6.50.) Our review is by Joe B. Frantz of the University of Texas, a frequent review contributor to this magazine, and co-author of *The American Cowboy: The Myth and the Reality*, published in 1955.

There's not much place to take a-holt on this varmint. The editors have done their job superbly, which means that they have chosen well and made themselves as inconspicuous as possible. No one can quarrel with their selection. If your favorite piece is left out here, it probably appears, or will appear, somewhere else; and you can't get it all in. Everything in the book has taste and integrity and, most of all, readability.

Selections range from Paul Horgan's poetic evocation of the cowboy era to James Emmitt McCauley's rowdy account of tough hombres and on to Walter Prescott Webb's sober and enduring estimate of the role of the cattle kingdom in shaping American destinies. This book may not represent all of the best about the cowboy, but you won't find any better in one corral.

"**RAWHIDE AND HAYWIRE**," by *Byron Claude Stork*. (William-Frederick Press, N. Y., 1959. 146 pp., ill. \$4.25.) Our reviewer is Robert G. Dunbar of the Department of History at Montana State College in Bozeman.

Byron Claude Stork has had an eventful life. He has been cowboy, homesteader and sheepherder in pioneer Montana, lumberjack in the forests of Washington and northern Idaho in the days of the wobbles, lumber and vineyard worker in post-earthquake California, and finally dairyman, gardener and painter in and around Spokane, Washington. Now at the age of eighty-two it is time for him to reminisce and to record some of the more colorful episodes of his life and this he does in "Rawhide and Haywire."

Shorty Stork arrived in Great Falls, Montana, in 1888 at the age of ten. His father homesteaded south of Great Falls, but within a few years he hired out to the Half Circle S outfit which was grazing cattle south and east of the Highwood Mountains. When old enough he filed on a homestead near Tiger Butte, but turned to sheepherding to maintain himself between residence months. After proving up, he left north-central Montana to join the lumberjacks in eastern Washington and the Idaho Panhandle when the I.W.W. was active, only to travel on to California and western Canada and eventually to settle down in and near Spokane to farm, to garden and to paint, like Charley Russell, memories of his cowboy youth.

The author writes well; he tells his stories directly and easily, setting them within the unity of his life and giving to the whole narrative a suspense that continues to the last chapter. Particularly interesting and informative are his accounts of two stampedes, two prospectors and a Montana blizzard. Nor does it detract from his narrative that several of his tales were recorded earlier in his "Pioneer Days in Montana" (Pageant Press, N. Y., 1952). Both books are illustrated with photographs of his own paintings.



"**COLT, A COLLECTION OF LETTERS AND PHOTOGRAPHS ABOUT THE MAN, THE ARMS, THE COMPANY**," by *James L. Mitchell*. (The Stackpole Co., Harrisburg, Pa., 1959. 265 pp., photos., \$10.) Our review is by Joe B. Frantz, professor of history at the University of Texas.

Although this book is in no sense a traditional biography of Sam Colt or a critical history of the guns he produced, it leaves a reader with a more precise picture of certain facets of a perennially fascinating nineteenth century inventor and businessman than a more rounded story would likely present. The author has come close to giving us a series of case studies of several moments in the life of Sam Colt. He has left them a bit on the unfinished, raw side, often with very little editing or elaboration. The result is that shooting your way through a quarter of a thousand pages of letters gets rather tedious and you sometimes lose all sense of continuity and relationship; but just as spending a couple of days locked up with a friend you don't know very well can be tedious and wearing and at the same time unforgettable in its detail, so you come away from your days with Colt and his maneuverings with a detailed knowledge that won't go away.

There's no need to go into the life of Sam Colt, either as Mitchell or other biographers have presented it. He was part rascal and part genius, with an ego and pretentiousness that would make him an impossible friend and at the same time, properly disciplined, would assure his success. His manipulations for a military commission would be the devil to be a party to, but are delicious to read about a century later. Nowhere are you likely to get a more scintillating exchange than between Colt and General Samuel Hamilton, to whom the inventor offered his services to lead a battalion into Mexico City during the Mexican War. When General Hamilton wrote Colt curtly that he "ought not to be taxed with communications of gentlemen appertaining to their own business and personal interests," Colt sent him two sheets of paper "as near the same quality as I have on hand" and ten cents to compensate the General "for the valuable time spent reading and answering my letter." The General's reaction either was not available or not printable.

The whole book has its pockets of delight, such as the foregoing, that will well repay the labor of the many pages of heavy going. The whole of the book definitely illumines Sam Colt.

Notable Books on the Review Editor's Desk . . .

by ROBERT G. ATHEARN

Two recent pieces of fiction are top-shelf items. A. B. Guthrie's *The Big It* (Houghton Mifflin, \$3.50) and Hal Borland's *The Seventh Winter* (J. B. Lippincott, \$3.95) represent the latest works of two very talented authors who have devoted themselves to writing about the West. *The Big It* is a collection of short stories, all laid in Montana, while *The Seventh Winter* concerns Borland's native Colorado. Guthrie has a particularly keen understanding of people and an uncanny ability to put the reader "on the same wave-length" with the characters he portrays. He concentrates, as the *Christian Science Monitor* once explained it, on how they think and feel. Borland, on the other hand, is the master of description about nature, the immutability of the great lonely expanses of the western prairie, a new Hamlin Garland. He is at his best when he pits his characters against distance, blizzards, climatic adversity, and the struggle to survive in an unyielding country that was the last to be conquered by the American farmer. *The Seventh Winter*, however, is not about homesteaders. It tells the story of a Colorado cattleman and his never-ending fight to save his herd from the ravages of killing winter conditions on the plains. Both Guthrie and Borland have provided additional rebuttals to the thin charge that the West just hasn't produced any writers of ability.

Another Montana-oriented story is Andrew Rolle's *The Road to Virginia City* (Oklahoma University Press, \$3.75). This is a "sleeper." It is the Diary of James Knox Polk Miller, edited by Professor Rolle, and this reviewer hastens to add that it is far removed from the usual journal kept by travelers. After appropriating some funds that did not belong to him, young Miller headed west in the fall of 1864 under the assumed name J. Sidney Osborn. After a short stay at Salt Lake

City he moved on to Virginia City, arriving there in the spring of 1865. Miller will not bore you with accounts of the weather, the temperature, and run-of-the-mill items. His portrayals of a youngster on the run, establishing himself in a mining community where real names were not important, makes fascinating reading. Rolle's book is a handsome one, and another reminder to the large commercial houses that, by comparison to the University Presses, they are not keeping up with their homework. The quality and design of this piece is superb. More than that, it represents a contribution that not only will be of lasting value but is one of absorbing interest. Highly recommended.

Yet another Montanan has come out with a new book. Robert McCaig, fellow townsman of "Bud" Guthrie, offers a fast-paced novel called *Drowned Man's Lode* (Macmillan, \$2.95), a story of mining on the western frontier.

Of possible interest to readers is John L. Stoutenburgh, Jr., *Dictionary of the American Indian* (New York: Philosophical Library, \$10.00). Running from



A to Z (as a good dictionary should!) the volume includes tribal names, customs, locations, etc. It is worth a mention, but, since the subject changes so rapidly, somewhat hard to review!

Americana collectors are reminded that there are yet some copies available of *Wyoming's Pioneer Ranches* (1955) by Robert Burns, Andrew Gillespie and Willing Richardson. It is a large volume (752 pages) containing a great deal of detail and some fine illustrations. A. S. Gillespie, *The Top of the World* Press, 1620 Rainbow, Laramie, Wyoming, is the man to communicate with if you are interested. The price of the book is \$15.00.

An increasing number of reprints are available to those who would like to build a library of "standard" western histories. The Oklahoma Press, of course, has its important "Western Frontier Library" of reissued classics for sale at unbelievably low prices. Comes now two old timers by Colonel Richard Irving Dodge, made available by Archer House, Inc. of New York City. *The Plains of The Great West* (1877) has been out of print for a long time and has become one of the scarcity items in Western Americana. It is now in your bookstore for \$6.95. For the same price collectors may buy *33 Years Among Our Wild Indians* (1882) by the same author, same publisher. These and similar offerings make it possible for the man of average income to have basic documentary studies or earlier classics of the American West in his library. The trend in reissues will help to eliminate what has become a racket among sellers of used books who all too often charge outrageous prices for their hoarded items. As one astute observer put it: "Most booksellers are honest. Then there are those who deal in Western Americana." A tip o' the cap to Archer House for its contribution.



"ROBERT NEWELL'S MEMORANDA: TRAVLES IN THE TERRITORY OF MISSOURIE; TRAVLE TO THE KAYUSE WAR; TOGETHER WITH A REPORT ON THE INDIANS SOUTH OF THE COLUMBIA RIVER," edited by Dorothy O. Johansen. (Champoeg Press, Portland, Ore., 1959. 159 pp., maps.) This review is by John E. Sunder, who teaches at the University of Texas, and is the author of the authoritative *Bill Sublette, Mountain Man*.

According to historical tradition, the mountain men were half-civilized, bristling he-coons. Editor Dorothy Johansen rescues Robert Newell from that rather stifling, inaccurate classification. She emphasizes the variations among the mountain men: "... there were some who held on to the traditional patterns of civilized life ... Men of the mountains were not all alike ..."

Robert Newell, an Ohio lad, later Joe Meek's brother-in-law, experienced eleven years in the fur trade; then, in 1840, hacked out a wagon road to Walla Walla and settled on the Willamette. He dabbled in river transportation, ran a general store, wet a gold pan in California, sat in the Oregon Legislature and capped his career with service as a well-meaning Indian peace commissioner in the Cayuse War. Three wives and sixteen children later, he died an honored Oregon citizen.

Although Newell's spelling is imperfect, his narratives are directly and fairly written. This volume includes his fur trade "Travles in the Territory of Missouri," account of "Travle to the Kayuse War," and report of 1849 on "Indians South of the Columbia River." Miscellaneous documents on the Cayuse War, Newell's 1848 speech to the Nez Perce, and occasional accounts are printed as appendices. A good dramatis personae of the fur trade is given.

The editor's footnotes are generous and the introductions carefully written. However, a few inaccurate dates pop up when least expected. Otherwise this volume from the Champoeg Press (regrettably unindexed) reflects minute scholarly effort.



"PONY EXPRESS: THE GREAT GAMBLE," by Roy S. Bloss. (Howell-North, Berkeley, 1959. 159 pp., maps, ill., biblio., app., index, \$4.50.) This book, published in time for the Pony Express centennial, is reviewed here by W. N. Davis, Jr. of the California State Archives, a frequent review contributor for this magazine.

The special train (engine, tender, and one car, of the Hannibal & St. Joseph Railroad), its freight a packet of pony express mail from the east, raced across Missouri in the record time of 4 hours, 51 minutes. At St. Joe, the agents hustled the dispatches into the waiting mochila. The pony rider, the boom of the signal cannon echoing in his ears, dashed to the crossing of the Missouri River and was off for the first station at Granada, Kansas Territory.

From San Francisco, another mochila, or saddle pouch, moved up the Sacramento River by steamer at the same time. At Sacramento a youthful pony rider took over the charge, faced into the growing storm, and rode in haste for the Sierra Nevada. The great trans-Mississippi relay race of 1860-61 had begun.

The Overland Pony Express commenced carrying the mail on April 3, 1860. The operation lasted 18 months. Of the many pony express services in business before, during, and after that time, none remotely approached for derring-do in financial risks, sheer magnitude of operations, or sustained drama and constant color this remarkable overland venture of the great western transportation firm of Russell, Majors & Waddell. Theirs is the big Pony Express story. And, popular images having overwhelmed the rest, theirs is largely the Pony Express story today.

Roy Bloss, in time for the centennial observances of 1960, has produced a readable, balanced, concise, and for the most part reliable guide to what the Pony Express was all about. The book is a little short of the definitive work on the subject that some day will appear, but it represents a good step forward, with a number of the parts of the story worked out more thoroughly than has been done before. All the main aspects are passed in review: such as the economics and politics and background developments of overland mail routing; the problems and achievements of organization; equipment, riding stock, hostlers, and riders; operations and the records set; the Paiute War; talents and personalities of Russell, Majors, and Waddell; the tragic financial collapse of the firm.

As to the sub-title chosen for the book, Bloss says, "... the Pony Express is to be explained in terms of a gigantic gamble. At stake was a veritable monopoly in mail transport to California. Russell's unique plan, in effect, was a brave bet tossed in the poker game of postal policy." The author dwells at length on Russell's losing game and on the utter defeat that came to the great promoter in its train.

Bloss also gives an objective appraisal of what the Pony Express itself actually accomplished, of the proper place of the Pony Express in western history. The familiar myths are cast aside one by one (not even mentioned is the old allegation that the Pony Express saved California for the Union). What then did the Pony Express do? The author is content to say that the Pony Express carried the mail! And, in the manner that the job was done, gave rise to an imperishable legend!

The book has lists of Pony Express stations and riders and contains an unusually fine selection of photographs, maps, and reproductions of Pony Express covers.

"THE CAHUILLA INDIANS," by Harry C. James. (Westernlore Press, Los Angeles, 1960. 185 pp., ill., map, annotated biblio., index, \$7.50). Our reviewer is Robert W. Mardock, assistant professor of history at Kansas State Teachers College, Emporia. After September, 1960, Professor Mardock will be a visiting lecturer at the University of Colorado in Boulder.

This is Harry C. James' sixth book on the Indians of the Southwest but his first on what he calls California's "master" tribe, the Cahuilla. The founder-president of the Trailfinders, a camping and conservation organization, the author has lived for many years in the San Jacinto Mountain country, original home of the Western Cahuilla. As a close neighbor and friend of the descendants of the once large Cahuilla tribe, James sympathetically portrays a "much maligned people" that are far from the "docile, degraded 'diggers' which only too frequently they have been represented to be." His dramatic description of their history and culture, their ceremonial life and their "highly poetic and broadly cosmic" folklore ably supports his thesis that they are a proud, intelligent people. It is further implemented by lively biographical sketches of outstanding Cahuillas: Juan Antonio, Fig Tree John, and the better known Ramona Lubo and Juan Diego, the Ramona and Alessandro of Helen Hunt Jackson's novel, "Ramona."

James analyzes the effects of past and present Federal Indian policy and suggests a new and realistic program for the future. Fully aware of the complexity, as well as the controversial nature of today's Indian problem, he warns that what might be satisfactory for the Zuni might be unacceptable to the Cahuilla and what might work for one Cahuilla band is not necessarily right for another. Furthermore, being a highly individualistic people, a plan that "suits Jack Lo may not be at all suitable for Pete Lo." The reader is left with the impression that a general Indian program, to be workable, must be of such flexibility that it can be freely adapted to local and even individual needs and differences.

Many Cahuillas have assimilated themselves into the white culture successfully but the majority still live on nine reservations in Southern California. Some are well off, but in the desert barrens, marginal existence and poverty is the rule. In the final analysis, their native ability and

intelligence, their integrity, sense of humor, and creative artistry leaves the reader not only with respect for the Cahuilla people but with the feeling that given time and cooperation they can make the final adjustment to modern society.

Though possibly not the definitive study of the Cahuilla tribe, it is the best of the few thus far and the general reader, as well as the specialist, will delight in the brief but readable narrative and the excellent sketches by Don Perceval.



"THE OUTLAW TRAIL, A HISTORY OF BUTCH CASSIDY AND HIS WILD BUNCH," by Charles Kelly. (The Devin-Adair Co., N. Y., 1959. 374 pp., ill., index, \$6.00). Our reviewer is Lola M. Homsher, director of the Wyoming State Archives and Historical Department, and co-author of *Ghost Towns of Wyoming*.

The first edition of Charles Kelly's "Outlaw Trail" has long been out of print and this new revised edition is a welcome one.

Much of the history of the West is still too recent, and delving into the lives of those on the wrong side of the law can be extremely touchy. When the first edition of this book was published in 1938, too many involved in its pages were still living. Consequently it was extremely controversial and protests against it were hot and strong.

Twenty years of additional research and a rewriting of much of the text has made it more accurate and more interesting reading. One Wyomingite who knew many of the outlaws and the Utah and Brown's Hole setting has commented, "I think Kelly's book very good, as nearly true as one could possibly get it. He did a splendid job of Queen Ann's story. But there's so much more that could be told about these fellows. So let's just say it's a fine job as far as it went, which, in reality, is just a beginning."

Another Wyoming citizen who knows the Wyoming Hole-in-the-Wall country and stories connected with it has had this to say: "He doesn't understand Hole-in-the-Wall geography and has the cabins and locations wrong, but this really isn't at all

important. Kelly has done a lot of research and by so doing has preserved certain stories about these people that would otherwise be lost forever. I like his understanding of these outlaws. He has tried to make them appear as they were. He has not let his imagination or his own personal prejudices sway the reader one way or another—just told a true tale.”

This reviewer recently sat in on a meeting of a number of old timers in the Lander-Riverton, Wyoming, area, a favorite retreat of Butch Cassidy's. He was liked by all who knew him, and one lady who had enjoyed his company commented that he was a good dancer and real gentleman. A discussion as to whether or not he was really killed in South America took up some time, and no real conclusion could be reached. There were those in the group who claimed to have talked with him when he reportedly returned in the 1930's and a few who denied this because “he would have come to see them had he returned.” There will remain a question in the minds of many as to the true story of his death.

The index is a welcome addition to this book, as are the story of Queen Ann, and other new additions to the text. One end map credited to Thelma Condit and her son James (incorrectly given as John) is not accurate nor is it claimed by the Condits as their work.



“CARRINGTON,” by Michael Straight. (Alfred A. Knopf, New York, 1959. Maps, \$4.50.) This new historical novel is reviewed by Forbes Parkhill of Denver, a former newspaperman who is a busy writer about the West, both fiction and non-fiction. His *Trooper's West* is a widely acclaimed novel of western army life.

History is more than a chronicle of events. It is a disclosure of man's nature in action. It deals with human beings. Places and things are but stage setting. Without insight into the character and motives of those human beings whose actions make history, history lacks significance.

Was Custer a bold and brilliant leader or a glory-grabber? Was Chivington an exalted crusader or a sadistic butcher? We know what they did, not why. How can we understand the actions of such leaders if we remain unaware of the emotional pressures motivating them, of the strength and weakness of their characters?

“Carrington” is fiction. The author seeks to explain the Fetterman massacre of 1866 in terms of the personal story of Colonel Henry Carrington, senior officer of the regiment, who was held responsible for the disaster.

Colonel Carrington believed his mission to be the pacification of the Indians. Fetterman was convinced that his mission was to kill Indians, a conviction shared by most of the officers of the regiment. Believing Carrington a coward, Fetterman, in defiance of explicit orders by his commanding officer, chose the glory trail and it led him and his eighty-one soldiers to their graves.

Historians will find no fault with the factual background of this novel. Others will find a fascinating story culminating in the massacre near Fort Phil Kearney and paralleled by the conflict raging within the mind and emotions of the harrassed commander.

As a novel of the West, “Carrington” is among the best.

* * *

“THE FIGHTING PARSON: A BIOGRAPHY OF COLONEL JOHN M. CHIVINGTON,” by Reginald S. Craig. (Westernlore Press, Los Angeles, 1959. \$7.50). Our reviewer is Michael Straight, whose novel “Carrington” is reviewed on this page. He is presently at work on a novel based on the life of John Chivington.

The task of the historian is a difficult one; he must involve himself in the attitudes and actions of those whose lives he seeks to re-create; he must, at the same time, preserve his own detachment. He must consider all the evidence, however unpalatable it may be; he must weigh the evidence on balanced scales.

In the case of Colonel John M. Chivington, the historians have failed in their duty according to Reginald Craig. In this book, Mr. Craig, who is Chivington's grandson, undertakes “to set the record straight.”

“After nearly a century of inaccurate and unfounded tradition,” Mr. Craig tells us, “the facts will be brought forth and the reader left to assign to [Chivington] his proper place in the history of the Rocky Mountain Region.”

This is a praiseworthy commitment; one, unhappily, which Mr. Craig is unable to fulfill. Instead he projects his own image of his grandfather as he would like Chivington to be remembered. The image is of an ideal hero, pious in his dedication to God, upright in his personal life, and in

matters of state, a second Bayard, a "chevalier sans peur et sans reproche." The correspondence between this image and the real Chivington is about as close as that between Eisenhower and Macbeth; both are successful generals, and there the resemblance ends.

Thus, Mr. Craig describes the marriage of Chivington's parents, Isaac and Jane; he does not add that Isaac was married at the time, although the discovery of this fact is said to have fired Chivington's fanatical desire to prove himself. Similarly, Mr. Craig makes much of the short biography of Chivington by J. P. Dunn, a passionate defender of the Fighting Parson; he passes over Dunn's account of Chivington's dissolute youth and his violent conversion, an account far more persuasive and endearing than Mr. Craig's own story.

Again, the murder of Captain Silas Soule, and the springing from jail of Soule's murderer, are vital incidents in a biography of Chivington, since they put an end to his political career. Yet no mention of these incidents can be found in Mr. Craig's book. Nothing is said about the series of anonymous and scurrilous newspaper articles which the Fighting Parson wrote from Fort Laramie, although they are illustrative of his character and methods. And Mr. Craig leads his readers from the death of Chivington's first wife to his re-marriage to Mrs. Isabella Arnzen, never mentioning the Fighting Parson's second marriage, to the young widow of his own son Tom. This was the event which led a local newspaper to wonder whether there was anything further that the Fighting Parson could do "to outrage the moral sense and feeling of his day and generation."

Chivington, of course, is remembered chiefly for Sand Creek, the engagement in which he attacked and all but annihilated a band of friendly Indians who were living under the protection of the United States government. Mr. Craig, following Chivington's own defense of his actions, describes this occurrence as "an almost unparalleled military exploit" in which "a large body of hostile savages" were defeated, to the lasting credit of the United States.

Mr. Craig lacks the macabre imagination of his grandfather who went so far as to maintain that the Indian dead were scalped and mutilated by their own dogs. But Mr. Craig shares his grandfather's feelings about the dead Indians. "Not more than one fourth of the dead were women," Mr. Craig assures us, "most of whom were killed fighting the troops . . . There were few children killed and most of them by accident." As for the mutilations, the Indians "had a

much healthier respect for and fear of those white men who fought them in the Indian manner than for those who scrupulously followed the rules of civilized warfare." And besides, Mr. Craig says, "There is some justice in paying a man back in his own coin." The mutilations, Mr. Craig notes, were the work of the Third Colorado Cavalry. His final conclusion is: "The members of the Third Colorado Cavalry could well be proud of their part" in the Sand Creek Campaign.

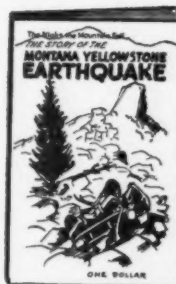
Chivington is an impressive and an awful figure; he is entitled to a fine biography. It will present him as a man of vast ambition, tremendous energy, fanatical conviction, limited intelligence and little or no moral sensibility. It will grant that his actions were often indefensible; it will see these actions against the background of Bloody Kansas, embattled Denver, and the Old Testament with its vengeful God.

Meanwhile, the lesson of Mr. Craig's book is surely plain: one can with integrity seek to understand Chivington; one can diminish his responsibility for Sand Creek by distributing it among his contemporaries; one can even take upon oneself a part of his guilt. Beyond this, the man who endorses what Chivington did at Sand Creek does so at the sacrifice of his own moral standards. It was after all, a century ago that the government faced the moral issue of Sand Creek. The government raised the profound question as to whether the campaign "was conducted by Colonel Chivington according to the recognized rules of civilized warfare;" it took and weighed the evidence, and it reached its verdict. After a century of progress that verdict stands: It was Chivington, not Black Kettle, who was the savage at Sand Creek.

"THE NIGHT THE MOUNTAIN FELL"

The exciting story of the

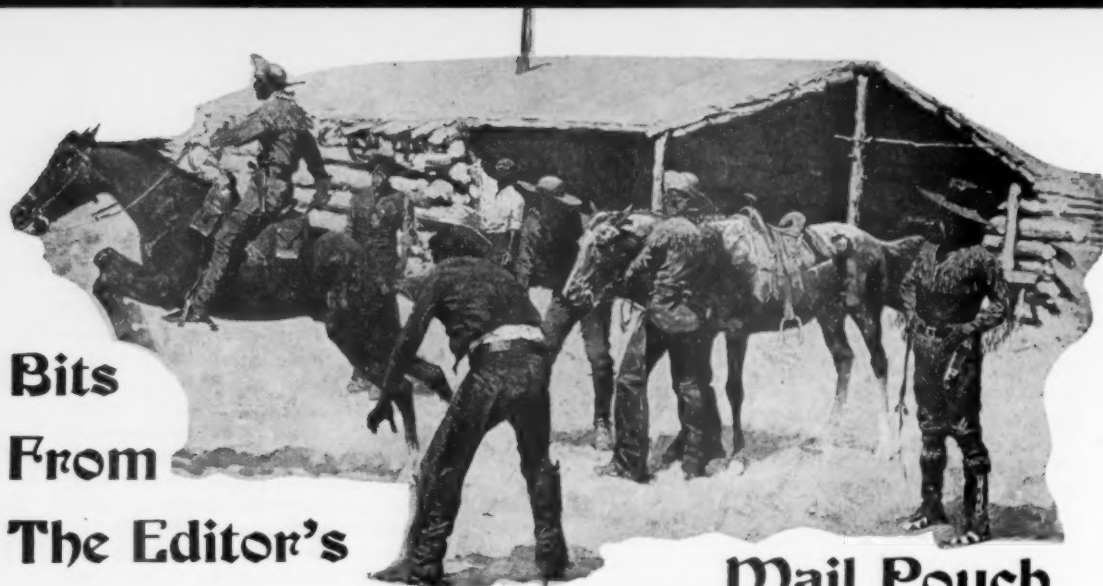
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Bits From The Editor's



Mail Pouch

THE ART OF C. M. RUSSELL

"The issues that you depart from Russell paintings on the cover stand out like sore thumbs. I don't think we could get enough of his paintings, nor would you exhaust the supply of new covers if the magazine is issued for a lifetime. Every one of his pictures, besides being works of art, tells a story of times and customs that no amount of words could replace . . .

"The booklet 'Back Trailing on the Old Frontier' . . . should be a must in every high school of Montana so that our children would know their west. I have often wondered where Russell acquired his knowledge of western history, as his pictures in books would indicate. The Spaniards conquering Mexico; Hauling hides from the Missions to the ships in California; Lewis and Clark at the Mandans; the Great Falls; the meeting with the Shoshones, also with the Flatheads; the Oregon Trail episodes; Slade murdering Jules; the Wagon Box Fight; the Hayfield Fight; the first steamboat on the Missouri; Fort Benton; smuggling into Canada; the Red Coats—the list is nearly endless . . ."

Matt J. Kelly
617 West Third
Anaconda, Mont.

"Concerning the so-called 'overlay' given C. M. Russell and his art in your magazine, I do not agree . . . I never tire of his pictures, or articles concerning him. I think that is one thing that makes your magazine so attractive . . ."

L. O. Hayes, M.D.
Box 5156 N. T. Station
Denton, Texas

"I was . . . disappointed when you used an artist other than Russell for your Summer, 1959 cover. Personally I'd like to see a Russell cover on your magazine from now on. Four prints a year does not seem too much . . ."

"When I see (Russell) pictures . . . I think: 'Here is a land of enchantment, a land of beauty that is sometimes tragic, men and women living in the past as pioneers in a beautiful land.' His Indians . . . and animals seem real and not just a matter of fine drawing and beautiful painting. Since this is true of Russell's work, how can we tire of him?"

Della Fahn Rheuark
1314 North Boston Ave.
Tulsa 6, Okla.

" . . . Genius speaks for itself. I am a nephew of Thomas Wolfe, the fine American writer, and if the U.S.A. and especially North Carolina didn't keep ex-

tolling his praise, then they are not appreciative of a great man. Montana is in the same boat.

"I am a collector of lithographs of the Old West—all old fine lithos—and I feel that I do know something of Western art after 8 years of hard work . . . I have all the lithos that Catlin had in his Northern American Indian portfolio. I have collected over 50 of the 81 Bodmer lithos. I have John Mix Stanley, Schreyvogel, Eastman, Mollhausen, Lewis, many folio-size McKenney & Halls, Bierstadt—and oh, yes, Remington. They were all great in their way. Who can deny that Catlin was accurate, that Bodmer caught the aching vastness of the country, that Bierstadt saw its grandeur? No one in his right mind can deny Frederick Remington—but nobody should even attempt to suppress anything by Charley Russell . . .

"Russell understood what he saw, and what he saw was wonderful—and I could never get enough of a man like that . . . My ambition [is] to some day be able to sit and look at by the hour, an original Charley Russell of my own. If *Montana* quits putting out Russell, then they should move over for someone who understands that 'Genius speaks for itself'—and you can't get too much of a genius!"

R. Dietz Wolfe, M.D.
2804 Colonial Drive
New Albany, Indiana

"Regarding Margot Liberty's letter in the mail pouch, Spring 1960, I only wish to say C. M. Russell is Montana. C.M.R. looks fine compared to the cover on Spring, 1960."

W. E. Newman, M. D.
1303 N. Ella Road
Spokane 62, Wash.

"That letter from Margot Liberty, makes me see red. [She] should confine her reading to Good Housekeeping, Family Circle, etc. and leave the *Montana Magazine* to us who appreciate it . . . *Indian Appeal* is nice, but it looks cheap and gaudy compared to C.M.R.'s drawings. I am an ardent admirer of C.M.R. and his kind and way of life, and I hope to see the day when you go back to his covers and sketches in your magazine.

"I am 67 years of age, born right here, and strongly resent any pressure brought on by one (who does not even know where C.M.R. was born) to make a feminine magazine out of it . . ."

Grover C. Brown
724 Third Ave. No.
Great Falls, Montana

"Charles M. Russell was . . . the Supreme Master of Western Art . . . what he accomplished will remain a golden asset that will benefit Montana and the Pacific Northwest forever."

Hildore C. Eklund
Box 1408
Great Falls, Montana
* * *

"I would like to continue to support what has always been to me a worthy effort, but . . . there has been so much emphasis on Russell that it has become, for me, a little dull. I don't want to try to twist your arm, but if somebody were going to do something on Will James, for example, that would keep me renewing forever . . ."

Thomas H. Hayes, M.D.
2101 Payne Street
Evanston, Illinois
* * *

"Charley Russell would command undying fame had he not created any other art save 'Waiting for a Chinook!' It would be difficult to exaggerate Charley's fame . . ."

Emil Kopac
Oshkosh, Nebraska
* * *

"My compliments . . . the lithographers did a fine job in reproducing both the Lindneux and Russell paintings . . . Margot Liberty compares Frederick Remington and Will James to C.M.R.'s work. Certainly there are . . . Remington's which . . . are comparable, but Will James could hardly be classified as being in the same league. Russell put more than the main subject into his paintings. Unlike Remington, he painted much more detail into his backgrounds, possibly because he lived with it the better part of his life . . . he painted on the spot, while Remington painted the bulk of his work in his New York studios from sketches he had made while on various western visits. Russell painted a far more colorful painting whether it be oil or watercolor . . . and made excellent use of light variations with colorful sunsets and transparent shadows. Finally, the prices which are now commanded by Russell oils make them the finest and most valuable record of the West that has passed."

"I do feel, however, there is room for more work by other talented Montana artists, past and present, namely: E. S. Paxson, O. C. Seltzer, William Standing, J. K. Ralston, Shorty Shope and Will James. Hope you are able to publish some of their work in the future . . ."

William C. Decker
1778 Irving Ave. So.
Minneapolis 5, Minn.
* * *

"The idea that Mr. Russell was the greatest man that ever lived seems to be repeated ad infinitum in your publications. But this is no reason to depart from his great works of art, although the work of other artists might be included occasionally."

Harry Denhard
R. R. No. 2
Greenville, N. Y.
* * *

FREE LIBRARY-BY-MAIL

"I thought your readers would be interested in the books-by-mail program of our library, although telling about it is a little like rum mincemeat—hard to put into words but easy to take! The Winnifred Martin Memorial Library, named for a classical scholar who devoted her life to a village high school and vainly tried to get books read, devotes itself mainly to readers who have no convenient access to public libraries. We welcome book-lovers who live in small towns, on farms, in mining camps and isolated areas—and shut-ins. Every inquiry is carefully answered and personal correspondence is usually begun to determine the prime field of a reader's interest. There are no charges of any kind—no fees, no dues, no fines. Refer-

ences are not required and money is never begged. We pay the postage one way; a Library Materials label permits the return of the average book for 5c. The Library now carries more than 500 titles, from 25c paperbacks to \$25 volumes on art, including reprints of old Western classics. Among our popular titles is a packet of old issues of MONTANA, the Magazine of Western History. We welcome inquiries . . ."

Lynn Martin
Brookville, Kansas
* * *

WASHAKIE WAS A SHOSHONE

"I have no doubt that our brother, Chief Washakie, made several turns in his grave after being called an Arapahoe Chief on page 23 of the Spring 1960 issue of Montana Magazine. The records clearly show that Washakie was chief of the Wind River band of the Shoshone. He also felt that the Arapahoe were unwelcome and unwelcome visitors on his reservation, which indeed they were until recent years. The Shoshone and Arapahoe were hereditary enemies, and when Washakie was forced to show friendship for the Arapahoe on state occasions, he managed to show his contempt by shaking hands and extending only two fingers. It is unfortunate that this great but little known chief has not been accorded as much of the written word as the warriors such as Crazy Horse, Sitting Bull, etc. . . ."

James Yapple, Advisor
Chief Washakie Explorer Post 48
306 N. Lomita St.
Burbank, Calif.

Our face is particularly red over this error, since the Arapahoes and Shoshone, though both placed on the Wind River Reservation, remain the Martins and Coys among redmen. We hope to publish an article at some future time on Washakie, chief of the Shoshone.
* * *

DISHNO OF THE BIG HOLE

"A copy of Montana Magazine was sent me by my father-in-law, Silas Dishno, of whom there was the wonderful write-up. Now, his grandson and two step grandchildren wish copies . . ."

"My grandfather, George B. Hartman, settled in Montana, at Skalkaho, near Hamilton. This must have been about 1871 or 1872. Then later my grandfather had a fine apple orchard down by the river near the Van Buren bridge and up towards where the M. M. stands now. The Catlins and Hartmans came to Montana about the same time and were relatives. I was Charlie Hartman's oldest daughter . . . I later married Edward Dishno and . . . he passed away this past summer."

Mrs. Edward Dishno
2643 E. Holland
Fresno, Calif.
* * *

"We are all pleased with the way you handled the article and used the pictures [Silas Dishno of the Big Hole, Spring, 1960] . . . Everyone who sees Montana says 'What a lovely magazine.' I think so too!"

Grace Roffey Pratt
Coeur d'Alene, Idaho
* * *

CAP HASKELL IN WYOMING

"The Spring issue of 'Montana' arrived today. I am thrilled with 'The Last of Captain Jack'—may his soul rest in peace. You have presented the article in a most impressive way, and the illustrations are priceless. One small item must be mentioned, however. Cap Haskell was never in Colorado—Wyoming was his range of operations. The Seventy-One Quarter ranch on the Sweetwater, where he was located, lay due north of Rawlins and near South Pass City, Wyoming."

Peggy H. Benjamin
1620 So. 116th
Omaha 14, Nebraska

BOOK ACQUISITIONS COLUMN

"I wish to express my appreciation of your new column *Recent Book Acquisitions*. Being a student of Mountain Men, one of my biggest headaches is to keep track of publications relating to the subject. I often come across a reference to a recent book in another book, but when I try to acquire the book referred to, find that it has gone out of print in the two or three intervening years. There are undoubtedly many persons in the same boat—people who have such a hobby but no time or facilities to pursue it full steam ahead. Such a column is a boon to us."

H. D. Smiley
Tobacco Plains Ranch
Box 88
Eureka, Montana
* * *

SIR GEORGE SIMPSON

"Accept my thanks for the splendid way you produced my article in the [Spring, 1960] issue of *Montana*. I was very pleased with the biographical note on page 11 and greatly impressed by the scholarship evident on the short article entitled 'Rupert's Land and the Honourable Company,' and the captions below the many illustrations. In my first letter to Mr. Kennedy I suggested that a publication which claims to be the 'magazine of western history,' might perhaps devote a little more attention to that part of the West north of the Medicine Line. By your treatment of my own article, you have certainly exceeded my best expectations in this direction. I am even impressed at the way you have retained the British (not always Canadian) spelling of Honourable. But may I make one criticism? A Sir (knight or baronet) is always addressed and referred to by the title and the given name (and sometimes the surname). 'Sir George' or 'Sir George Simpson,' yes; 'Sir Simpson,' never, never, never!"

J. W. Chalmers
8128-97 Ave.
Edmonton, Alberta
* * *

MINUTEMEN OF MONTANA

"I want to thank you for printing the article, 'Minutemen of Montana.' In your brief biography of the authors there was one item that could stand correction. First, I am not on leave from Montana State College. I resigned to accept the position of Assistant to the President of Inter American University. I plan to return to Montana sometime in the future and do some more writing on my own, besides what research I might do for articles by Jack Barsness and myself..."

"In regard to Montana history, I am proud of the fact that my three children represent the fourth generation of Montanans in my family. I find that I have gotten a great perspective on Montana since I am living in Puerto Rico. I am far enough removed to take a good look at some of the things that we do not pay attention to when we are right there..."

William J. Dickinson
Inter American University
San German, Puerto Rico
* * *

MORE RUMBLINGS

"I have been reading with great interest your articles under the caption 'Rumbblings from the Little Big Horn' which are extremely fascinating. As I am also very interested in this subject, I would like to throw in a few comments for what they may be worth."

"I must frankly admit that I could never agree with Reginald Laubin's comments as to White Bull being the alleged warrior who shot Custer, or any of his theories of Sioux [depredation]. In the narrative of Mrs. Spotted Horn Bull, cousin of Sitting Bull, she states that the Indians did not charge the hill until after the shots stopped coming from behind the dead horses. This would go along with my line of thinking that none of the Sioux and their allies came within

good pistol shot of the Custer group. In the many hundreds of accounts written on Custer, none of them challenge his courage—could a man of this type commit suicide? I hardly think so, grant you on one occasion when he did enter an Indian encampment he carried a powder pistol concealed in his boot, but of course all Custer's writings were rather explosive at times."

"It has always been my belief that the wounds that killed Custer were as such. He was shot in the left breast, the bullet entering the body from side to side, and one shot was on the left side of the head through the ear, and a third in the right forearm. The shot on the left breast below the heart was slightly bloody, and the shot through the ear was probably inflicted after he was dead."

"As Professor Stewart has mentioned previously, no one will ever know what warrior killed Custer."

Frank L. Mercatanti
866 Mayhew-Wood Dr. S. E.
Grand Rapids, Mich.
* * *

MISCELLANEOUS COMMENTS

"As an English reader . . . I offer congratulations on the excellence of this publication and my thanks for the many hours of pleasure I find each time I receive my copy."

"To one who does not 'suffer' from an obsession about the Indians of the Plains, as I do, it is perhaps difficult to explain the feelings conjured up by the very name Montana, and a magazine produced by Montanans and about the old days of the state is the answer to at least some of my dreams!"

"Here's hoping you will long continue with such fine articles and illustrations and people my English fireside with the ghosts of Charlie Russell, James Willard Schultz, George Bird Grinnell and a host of Blackfeet, Cheyenne and Sioux warriors! . . ."

Ian M. West
15 Cornfield Road
Reigate, Surrey, England



"I really like this magazine but . . . I have to wait so long for my next one to come. I wish that you could send them every month instead of every quarter..."

Joseph B. Kowalczyk
USS Wandank (ATA0204)
c/o FPO, San Francisco, Cal.
* * *

"Congratulations . . . for the wonderful work being done historically for Montana . . . I have just finished reading the recent issues and the material gathered by your editors . . . it was a revelation to me, particularly in view of the fact that I first landed in Lewistown, Montana, in 1898 and lived there continuously for over 50 years. I knew many of those mentioned in various stories . . . Best wishes for your continued success."

Earl F. McGinnis
Box 659
LaJolla, Calif.
* * *

"... I'm enjoying . . . MONTANA as much as ever. It's now an old friend, and it awakens some very tender memories of days in the Milk River Valley. Keep up your fine job."

Forest Crossen
2002 Spruce St.
Boulder, Colo.

MIGHTY, MAJESTIC, MAGNETICALLY APPEALING . .

The succinct, hard-hitting lines which follow are the work of a veteran Montana newsman, George W. McVey. They appeared originally in an editorial in the Butte "Montana Standard", Jan. 26, 1956:

It's one of the biggest copper piles, it's one of the biggest lumber piles.

It's a million sacks of sugar.

It's potentially the biggest hydroelectric powerhouse in the world.

It's a silver dollar.

It's one state west of the divide and one state east of the divide, with enough material left over to make a third state.

Montana is Robbers' Roost; it's the Vigilantes hanging Henry Pummer.

It's a million Christmas trees.

It's Custer's last stand.

Montana is Lewis and Clark and Sacajawea.

It's the world's largest spring from which flow the mighty Missouri and turbulent Columbia.

Montana is Fort Peck, the largest earthfill dam in the world.

It's a cattle ranch with the front gate thirty miles from the front porch.

It's a rodeo; it's a dude ranch.

It's Old Faithful, it's Gunsight Peak, it's Going-to-the-Sun Highway.

Montana is Charley Russell.

It's the Richest Hill on Earth; it's Last Chance Gulch.

It's a fifty-thousand-mile trout stream.

Montana is Marcus Daly looking into the earth and seeing billions of dollars in copper.

Montana is Big Hole Basin with ten thousand haystacks.

Montana is a jewel-like mountain lake.

Montana is a miner, a cowboy, a lumberjack, a farmer, a dude rancher, an Indian, a cattle baron, a Vigilante, a road agent, a fur trapper, a banker, an oil driller, an engineer, an artist, a writer, a soldier, a millionaire.

Montana is a pine tree, Montana is a fat steer.

Montana is a gold mine, a silver mine, a copper mine, a zinc mine, a manganese mine, a lead mine.

Montana is a ghost town.

It's Grasshopper Glacier, it's Yellowstone Park, it's Glacier Park.

Montana is a church spire. It's a school.

It's a boy with a dog and a fishing rod.

Montana is a scenic wonder; it's a volcano, it's a geyser, it's Hell cooled off.

It's a cherry tree, an apple tree, a potato, a mustard seed, an alfalfa patch, a lovely flower.

Montana is all these things and then some.

It's home to six hundred thousand people and there's room for six hundred thousand more.

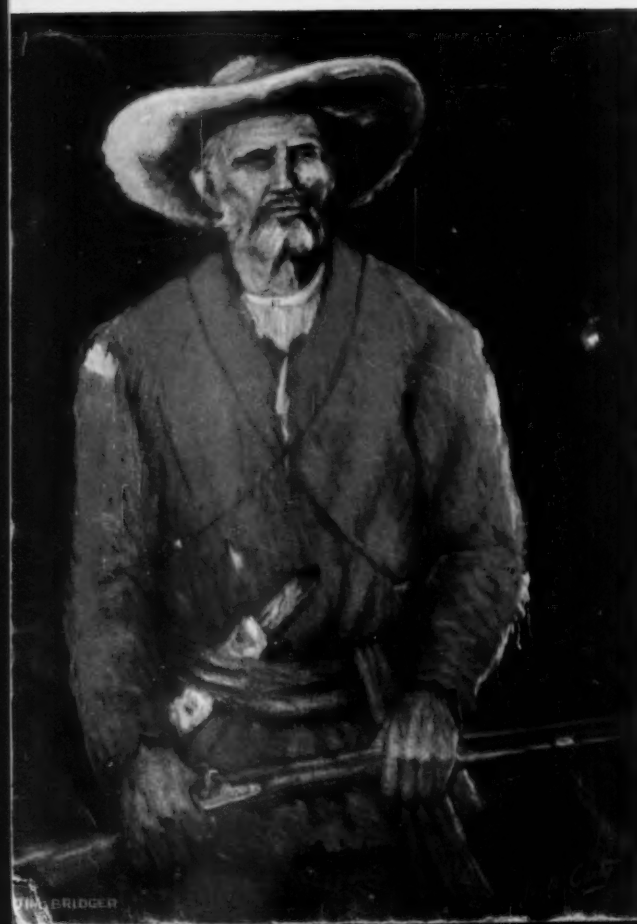
Any more questions?

MONTANA the magazine is the alter ego of MONTANA the state. Its principal concern is with the spiritual; with the infinitely rich and deep dimensions of heritage which gives this region a character and verve beyond the physical superlatives. This continuing message is made possible by the generous support of The Montana Power Company, Montana Bank at Great Falls, Foote Outdoor, Inc., of Billings, The Anaconda Company, Mountain States Telephone and Telegraph Co., Reber Plumbing & Heating Company of Helena and Great Falls, Frontier Town at MacDonald Pass near Helena, Northern Pacific Railway Company, Great Falls Breweries, Inc., Treasure State Life Insurance Company, Great Falls Poster and McKee Printing Company of Butte. If you believe in their public-spirited efforts, please let them hear about it.

BACK COVER. Four of the Lea McCarty portraits—a vital contribution to Western history—stand as a memorial to the late California artist, whose life and work is described beginning page 53. In case their names escape you, they are Kit Carson, Charles Goodnight, Calamity Jane and Jim Bridger.



CHARLES GOODNIGHT



JIM BRIDGER



KIT CARSON



McCauley